Of Hooks, Ladders, & Black Label

by Rick Parrott

Some people have never been in a hospital...on a plane...or been to the top of the Empire State Building (even though they live in New York City)...changed a flat...eaten dinner in McEwen dining hall. The list goes on.

Until two Sunday nights ago, for example, I myself had never seen a large fire up close, a fact that had never caused me to lose much sleep. Nevertheless, this occurred to me as I strolled down the Hill, reporter's notebook in hand, to the field by Dean Bingham's former home...and there it was. Smoke billowing, flames higher than trees, all in "living color" as they used to say on NBC.

Making my way through the crowd which gathered to watch the fire (joking among themselves about the merits of using the blaze for a human sacrifice of an unwanted roommate or certain professors), I began to question various officials, firemen, and otherwise with regards facts, figures, whys and wherefores of the conflagration for what I thought would be a nice, spontaneous, on-the-spot bit of news reporting. Little did I know.

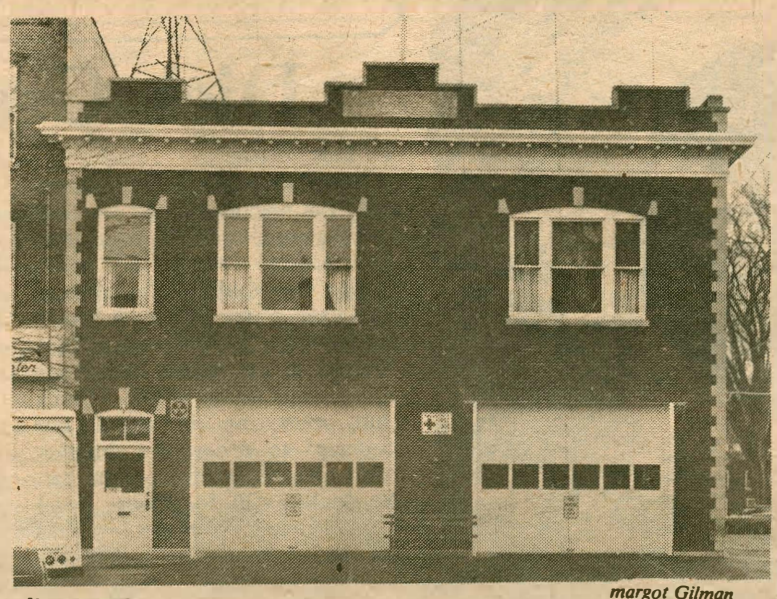
"Why don't you ride with the force tomorrow night?", asked the fireman I had been bothering for a few minutes.

"How?" came my surprised response.

"We have drills every Monday night at seven," he replied. "If you want a better idea of how we work, you ought to show up tomorrow at the station."

My reply was, of course, affirmative, and off into the night I went, visions of what a night out with the Clinton Fire Department could entail dancing through my head: huge machines barrelling out of doors, with sirens screaming and lights flashing and this reporter garbed in full regalia hanging on for dear life, perched atop a stack of ladders, the moon out, the wind rushing through my hair, etc.

Which of course is not the way things quite turned out the next day. Monday night's drill turned out to be a much more low-key affair in which the men of the CFD were merely running their equipment, testing hoses for operating pressure and so forth as part of a state inspection program.



margot Gilman

Clinton FD.

While the drill did not quite turn out to be as dramatic as had been expected it did shed some light on how the firemen operate.

On an early morning in March 117 years ago (3 a.m. to be exact), a severe fire struck West Park Row, turning to ashes and cinders many of the town's commercial buildings. Realizing the time had come for a more organized means of battling such disasters, the Village leaders began to plan for a volunteer force which was born in 1866 (making it one of the oldest forced in Oneida County) and has been going about its business ever since.

For apparently no good reason there's a state law which prohibits having a company of men numbering more than sixty-five men. To get around this restriction the Clinton force is divided into two seperate companies-one here in Clinton and another in nearby Franklin Springs. The two divisions of Clinton therefore make up a force of 130 men, all volunteer who deal with this area's fires.

"We're fortunate to have such a big force to draw from," com-

continued on page 12

THE SPECTATOR

VOL. IX, NO. 23 | HAMILTON COLLEGE, CLINTON, NEW YORK | APRIL 27, 1979

Sarah Weddington

Parker, Weddington to Receive Honorary Degrees

Alice Parker and Sarah Weddington, two women who have distinguished themselves in the fields of music and government, will receive honorary degrees from Hamilton at its May 27th commencement. The two women will join several other figures as honorary degree recipients at the graduation ceremonies. These recipients will be named within the next two weeks.

Weddington was appointed late last year as White House Advisor on Women's Issues by President Carter. Topics she has dealt with include pension reform, tax law inequities, divorce settlements, veteran preferences, abortion and the proposed Equal Rights Ammendment.

A 34-year-old lawyer and former member of the Texas Legislature, Weddington is the attorney who successfully argued before the Supreme Court in 1973 regarding the case that established women's abortion rights.

Alice Parker, composer-in-residence with the Pittsburgh Symphony, has been for many years arranger and co-editor, with Robert Shaw, of folk songs, hymns and carols.

Parker is the past recipient of the ASCAP Composer's Award (1968-75), the National Endowment Composer's Grant (1975), and the American Music Center Grant (1977). She has had an active career as a conductor and teacher, appearing recently with many diverse musical groups.

Parker is also the author of two books: a small dictionary of music, and a guide to choral arranging through improvisation.

Dear Doctor
Pre-Meds Tough It Out

by Philippe Saxe

Preliminary results for this year's medical school applications are slower than usual, according to Professor R. Kinnel, Chairman of Hamilton's Pre-Medical Committee; out of 28 students applying for admission, only 10 have been accepted thus far.

"It's a little slower than I would be happy with," said Kinnel. He continued, "I'm not certain as to what's going on this year, it's a little unusual. Last year, all but one of the students that were accepted to medical school had been notified by March 30. It's possible that medical schools are receiving more applications this year." Kinnel was quick to add that, "these results are not final."

Kinnel stated that due to the fact that most medical schools are largely dependent on state and federal funds, every position in the entering class be filled—usually 110—or else the schools may incur financial losses. For this reason, the final results will not be known until early September.

In years past at Hamilton, the number of students in the graduating class who apply to U.S. medical schools and are accepted has fluctuated around 70%. Approximately 90% of those students who are in the top third of their class and apply to medical school are accepted.

According to the Registrar's Office, the aggregate grade point average of those students who have applied to medical school this year is 87.63. Sixteen of the 28 applicants are in the top third of their class, 10 of the applicants are in the second third, and 2 are in the bottom third. The grade point averages among this year's applicants range from 78.11-93.50.

When asked about the implications of Hamilton's deflated grading system on medical school admissions, Kinnel stated that Hamilton's aggregate average of those students who are accepted to U.S. medical schools is lower than the majority of other schools. At most schools, a student who is seriously considering applying to medical school needs at least a 3.5 grade point average on a 4.0 scale. At Hamilton, this average is approximately 3.3.

Interestingly, the number of medical school applicants in the U.S. for the 78-79 academic year dropped by approximately 4,000-5,000 since the previous year. Figures based on the American Association of Medical Colleges show that for the entering class of 78-79, there were 15,000 spaces available in U.S. medical schools for approximately 36,000 applicants.

Increased costs of medical school—as much as $12,000-$13,000—and the lack of any scholarship programs are in part responsible for the decreasing number of medical school applicants in the U.S.. Kinnel also noted that "there is an increased awareness in other kinds of helping/health careers for the service-oriented student." Kinnel added, "student attitudes have changed. More and more students are not willing to do the work necessary to get to medical school and stay there. Most students are not willing to make such a commitment."

When asked what kind of a reputation Hamilton has among U.S. medical schools, Kinnel stated, "I have been flabbergasted how well Hamilton is known."

Inside Listen:

Finley speaks on page 6
Ezra speaks on page 7
Houseparty schedule—page 10
Jack Kerouac's Ghost found on page 11
Jargon on page 13
Ma Wilson speaks on page 14

Sam Babbitt

Babbitt Employed

Sam has gotten another job!

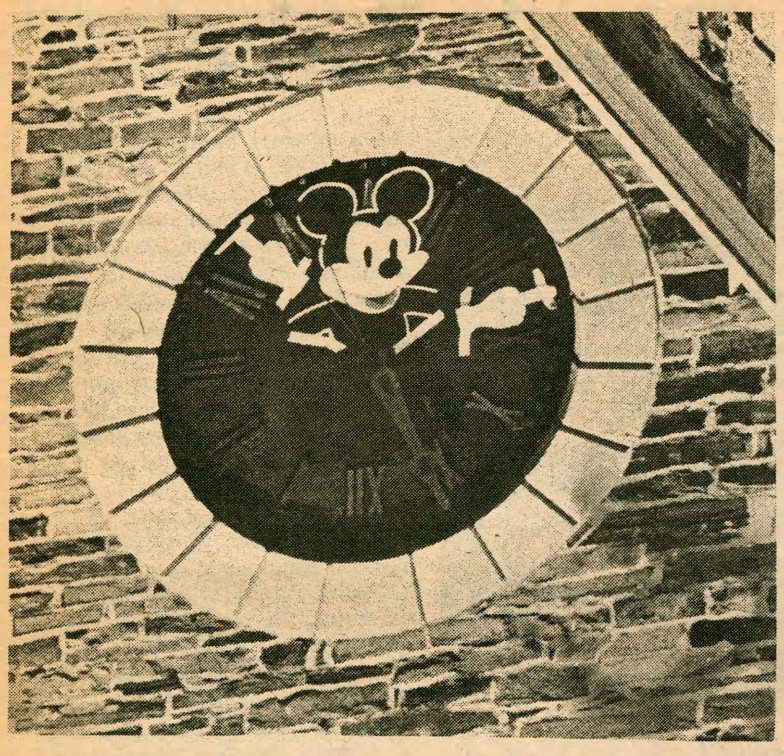
Former President of Kirkland College, Samuel Babbitt has received a position as Vice President at Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center in New York City, the Spectator has learned.

Dr. Babbitt explained in a phone interview this week that the Center needs another non-scientist person on its staff. He will be doing fund-raising and external relations with other hospitals and universities, as well as being involved with general policy.

Babbitt had been talking with Sloan-Kettering for the past three to four weeks. He will live in New York City, he said, but also keep the house he has just bought on the Cape.

Babbitt said he is "very much so" looking forward to this job. He has a little bit of experience for the job, he said, from fund raising and mediating with professionals as college president, although this is very much "a new piece of territory."

In his spare time this past year, Babbitt has been "enjoying life a great deal on Cape Cod." He has been writing and doing a bit of dramatic work, he said.



EDITORIALS

Dogs and the Dean

Nobody likes to get rid of dogs. Dean Bingham (on the advice of last year's ad hoc committee on students affairs) has decided to get rid of all our canine friends on campus. He did this without the consultation of the Humane Society or (God forbid) the campus as a whole. He failed to inform the community about the reasons for his actions, and has certainly not made an effort to explain what he was doing. In short, slowly and quietly, he made the decision to rid the campus of dogs and cats for good.

Whether you believe dogs and cats should be allowed to reside on the campus is another story, but there is no doubt that the manner in which Dean Bingham handled this matter was not in the good faith and trust which we, the students, expect of him. It is certainly not good practice to make decisions like this in this manner, and especially with decisions of such great import.

Finally, there is really no reason why dogs and cats should not be allowed on the Hill. With a well-run Humane Society, the situation can be controlled effectively and professionally.

It will certainly be no easy task to change the Dean's mind, but that is no reason to stop fighting. Because, if the students give in to this decision, who knows what next will go? The Pub? Class and Charter Day? Or Senior Week?

Good Move

The Interfraternity Council has made the first move in properly dealing with demo on this campus. Realizing that punishments handed down by the Judiciary Board have proven to be ineffective, they have taken it upon themselves to bring all offenders to a court of law.

It's about time. The acts of demo and vandalism which have gone by virtually unpunished will receive the proper and serious attention they deserve. Perhaps this move by the fraternities will prompt the Administration and the Judiciary Board to take the very same bold step.

THE SPECTATOR

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Metropolis Mailbag

Dick Gregory: Ad Infinitum

TO THE EDITOR:

Now that we have had the reaction, the reaction to the reaction, and the reaction to the reaction to the reaction, I wonder if I might make a threefold reply to all those who have gotten into such heated debate over the appearance of Dick Gregory at the college over Black and Latin Culture Week. I think that everyone involved has neglected to review the situation from one perspective or another. No doubt I will do likewise, but I would like to try to plug a few leaks here and there.

No question that Coleman Burke has a right to his own opinion and a right to have it printed. What was objectionable in his letter was the tone of a Victorian daddy slapping his childrens' wrists for asking how babies are made. We are preached to, and that is never the quickest way to a man's heart. Then we got the reaction to the reaction. David Breitbarth's letter was overly long, rather witty, and doubtlessly pleasing to those who believe that liberalism means going after any and all opponents with a straight razor in each hand. Ivan Kline and Claude Cicchetti decided to take the cute approach by citing Mr. Burke's grammatical mistakes. Kline snuck up on Mr. Burke and knelt down behind him; Cicchetti pushed him from the front and down goes the prestigious Coleman Burke '34, or so it says here. However, let us just say that these three gentlemen provided an irresponsible reply to an irresponsible statement; fair enough.

The plot thickened with the letters last week, one of which was written by two members of the class of '82. To Mark Froio and Ed Moriarty, I would say this: Breitbarth, Kline and Cicchetti have been here for two years more than either of you, as I have. Their reaction to Coleman Burke's letter must be viewed in the light of what they have seen go on here for those extra two years. To take an example from the current school year, the thousands, yea millions funneled into athletic facilities while theater and dance students perform in a remodeled infirmary. The reactionary tone of Coleman Burke's letter must then symbolize to many of us the constant kow-towing to "old school" values that we have seen regularly for three or four years now. We hear that voice utter forth from the old leather chair in the heavily-paneled study and we reach for our weapons. Wait, Mr. Froio and Mr. Moriarty, until you are second semester juniors.

I listen to myself talk, in a manner of speaking, and I realize that in this letter is the same weary, bitter tone that has risen out of every issue of the Spectator since I can remember. I hate to say that this is an issue that will be read by so many pre-freshmen, but this bitterness and its ubiquitous causes have caused me at last to regret the decision that I made three years ago this week, that they are making now.

DAVID W. PRATT '80

Moses Defended

TO THE EDITOR:

I am sick and tired of the humorless and often times degrading statements concernig Mr. Moses Gaither. His main fault appears to be either the color of his skin or the pride he takes in doing his job effectively. Even I can agreee that at times his judgments may seem harsh, but I also know that the judgements apply to students, faculty, administrators, and staff on an equal basis. Mr. Gaither does not discriminate on his job, and we can all learn from him on this issue. I have had my disagreements with him, yet I have also found that he is a human being no better or worse than I am. I am proud of him for his attitude through it all, and I hope he will continue to be an effective enforcer of the rules on this campus.

RICK MOBLEY '79

The Female Leaders?

TO THE EDITOR:

In response to last week's announcement for positions on the Student Assembly, the J-Board and the Honor Court, I prepared a chart which indicates the total number of students who participated in the elections, the number of female and male students who ran for the various offices and the percentage of women who sought election.

	Year	Tot.	# of Women	# of Men	% of Women
Stu. Ass.	'80	11	1	10	9
	'81	14	3	11	22
	'82	15	4	11	26.4
J-Board	'80	13	0	13	0
	'81	12	0	12	0
	'82	9	1	8	11
H. Crt.	'80	5	0	5	0
	'81	4	1	3	25
	'82	2	0	2	0

According to the figures of the chart, most women did not actively seek offices in which they must, out of necessity, and, with hope, out of desire, be highly visible and contributing members.

What concerned me was that the potential for female participation in the executive branches of the student government was great by virtue of the size of the female population here, but it was not, with 10 exceptions, demonstrated and, therefore, it will not be utilized.

From my understanding, the people who come to Hamilton, generally speaking, have been leaders in their high schools and in their communities. They, in the past, have demonstrated an awareness for the need to actively participate in offices that, because of their very nature, i.e., student government, were highly visible, and, consequently, open to criticism as well as praise. It does not seem that these high school positions were available only to men, nor were they solely available to men in these recent elections.

The women who ran for election, whether or not they attained their desired offices, should be recognized for realizing their potential for responsible leadership, and actively working to attain office.

To other women on the Hill: it's obvious that we underestimate ourselves and our abilities to affect this college. What a foolish assessment of leadership qualities and potential we make of ourselves. In the future do what you will, it's only your (and the college's) loss, or more positively, gain.

KAY TOWNER '79

Rambling Gambling

TO THE EDITOR:

On the evening of Friday, April 20, my Delta Upsilon Fraternity brothers and I hosted a "casino night" party in Commons Dining Hall. This very costly party was the result of many hours of preparation and hard work in an attempt to comply with undergraduate demands for an alternative to the so-called monotonous social activities on the Hamilton campus. For those of us who worked the entire night, enjoyment stemmed from satisfaction in knowing that others enjoyed themselves, and we think that the evening, on the whole, was quite successful. Unfortunately, though, our enjoyment was somewhat tainted by the actions of a few people who deemed it necessary to steal some of the expensive rented gambling paraphernalia I would like those few people to know that their immature, despicable actions absorped profits that would, otherwise, have been donated to a very worthwhile organization, the Heart Association of America. These actions will certainly not hinder Delta Upsilon, nor any other fraternity, from continuing to provide the campus with parties because, without fraternities, social activities in this capacity would be practically non-existent on the Hill. It is a shame, however, that when we do provide activities of this nature for the enjoyment of everyone, there are always some people who cannot act in a mature, responsible manner.

GREGG TRIPOLI '79

The Spectator welcomes all letters to the editor. Letters should be recieved by Wednesday noon, signed, typewritten, double-spaced and not to exceed 300 words. We attempt to print all letters, but reserve the right to edit for length and libelous content.

Ragtime — Mark Schmollinger

Hamilton's Social Life

I suppose the most evident pothole in our otherwise idyllic existence here at Ham Tech is the deficient social life. Especially for the freshmen; they still have a few years to endure it. The ostensible explanation for this deficiency assumes that that is just what a small college is like. Emphasize the education, play down the parties. Four years ago, the problem to many people was the incompatability of "Hamiltonians" and "Kirkies." (Name-games, you see). This incompatability created antagonism which in turn produced a poor social life, or so the explanation went. While such reasoning may have once been plausible, the merger rendered it academic. I mean, as a prefreshman, I distinctly recall being told that Kirkland College was just a front for launching unauthorized space probes. To be sure, both sides flung dirt even more before the merger. But whether or not that remark expresses the nature of the antagonism, it is probably no longer relevant and best forgotten.

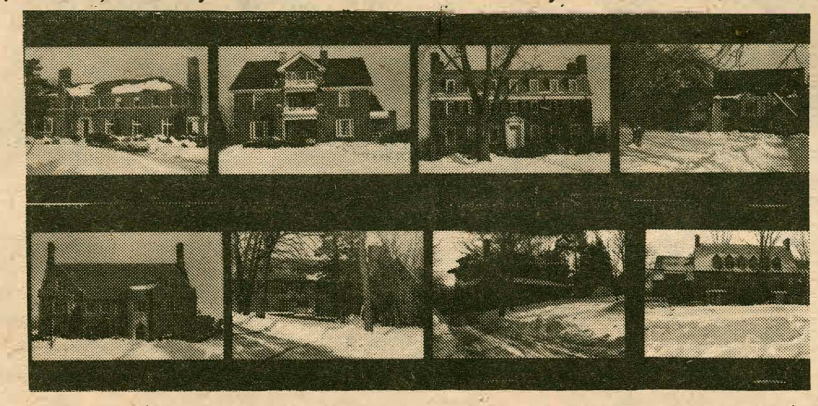
Now, people still bitch about our less than action-packed social scene. The post-merger explanation seems to be that fraternities are the problem; that any progressive Administration would have surely cast those little actavistic collective into oblivion long ago. Apparently, some people believe that fraternities should be abolished for the sake of promoting diversity and exposing the "Comformist" elements among us to alternative lifestyles. Moreover, the most frequently heard complaint is that fraternities monopolize the social life—the usual example being Houseparty Weekend.

But clearly Hamilton's social life and the general role of fraternities are two different issues. More often than not, though, they are very badly confused. Thus, certain things need to be said about both which, unfortunately, haven't been said before.

The desire to eliminate conformity,as laudable as that may be, has nothing to do with abolishing fraternities. Conformity is a state of mind; and whether or not you're a conformist depends on your reasons for doing something.

Sure, some guys join fraternities because they feel insecure about being "left out". Many others join simply because they happen to be friends with some of the members. Those who don't join, of course, are exercising their (equal) right of free choice. They may perhaps feel that being in a fraternity would unduly restrict their individuality. This is their perogative. But, joining a fraternity as such is no more proof of conformity than is, say, joining the Co-op. And I haven't heard anyone suggest that we abolish that sainted institution.

The real issue at stake, I think, is one's freedom of choice. Not coincidentally, it is this particular freedom which allows for, and promotes, diversity. Because fraternities are voluntary associations, no one can be *forced* to do anything—and this aspect is never stressed enough. (Even as an "indy," I never felt that frats intruded on my freedom).



Yet, the anti-frat fanatic, in his rush to "liberate" the fraternities, forgets about free choice—or doesn't care. He/She would abolish them on the pretext of saving the rest of us from being "forced" into conformist lifestyles. Being deprived of freedom of choice, you see, will somehow diversify us as individuals.

And what shall we have instead? How about a genuinely forced acceptance of *their* version of the best social life? There is also something further to consider here. Before the fanatics start slandering other people's motivations, they should perform some psychology on themselves. Isn't it *they* who are revealing a kind of insecurity, an implicit fear that fraternities are a threat to their self-esteem? Yet, the conformist mentally exhibits precisely that trait, as well as intolerence and contempt for free choices of others. So who are the real conformists?

The complaint that fraternities monopolize Hamilton's social life is vague at best. One would think that the critics could come up with a more coherent objection. In the sense that a few alternatives exist to frat-sponsored activities, of course they have a monopoly. So what? That there are few choices beyond what fraternities offer is hardly the fault of frat members. They aren't obligated to provide freshmen and independents with a social life, though in point of fact, that is exactly what they do.

How bad is Hamilton's social life? Well, you can just bet it isn't something they brag about to high school seniors. And more than a few people, it seems, have finally realized that one's social life is largely what one does or doesn't make of it; that, in all fairness, the fraternities can't provide it all of the time. So, who is to blame? How about the Administration? That changes will occur to enhance Hamilton's social life appears to be the Administration's traditional Big Lie. Every fall semester, or so it seems, the rumor circulates that things are being done to "improve" something, usually the Pub.

False.

I heard that line of crap four years ago. The only substantial difference from my freshman year is that Clinton has one less bar to patronize: the "Al-Ham" closed up. The Pub is still the Pub, just as cramped and smelly as always. The Administration, in fact , cannot be trusted to provide our social life—just the opposite is true. The Administration can be trusted to frustrate it. Case in point: Class and Charter Day. Were it not for the student petition drive, an event deemed "too social" by some would have gone right down the crapper. Instead, due to the acute student in-put, C & C Day got a reprieve. But for how long?

So, now Spring Houseparties have arrived. And how shall we enjoy ourselves this weekend? Perhaps to a frat or two and then off to the Pub? My point is not to uphold fraternities as sinless bastions of patriotism and purity. No one could do that and call himself either honest or sane. The point is that right now, in terms of a social life generally accessible to *everyone*, fraternities are all we really have. Yet, this is exactly what someone like the fanatic ignores: there are other people to think about too. Until or unless the Administration changes its negative attitude and acts in a sincere manner (i.e., puts out the funds), things can only get worse. The idea is to affect a radical change in Hamilton's social environment without sacrificing freedom of choice. But when I see some neanderthal posturing as an advocate of "diversity" while decrying the freedom of choice that makes real diversity possible, I have to question his honesty; it's not sufficient to question his intelligence.

And here is something else you might keep in mind this weekend. As unfortunate as our social life may be, the real inequity in all this is the hypocrite. You've seen him before. This is the type of person who will drink the beer and listen to the band for which someone else is paying—and then spit in his face. Maybe you'll see that kind of person again this weekend. Maybe *you* can tell him where to go.

The Other Side — David Michelman

The Wasteland

"I have never let my schooling interfere with my education." Mark Twain
"The test and the use of man's education is that he find pleasure in the exercise of the mind." Jacques Martin Barzun

Recently two of my close friends died. They both committed academic suicide. Both of these bright, witty, and aware individuals were alienated by the Hamilton environment. Neither individual found academic happiness in this hamlet nestled in the woods of upstate New York. Even though both of my friends find pleasure in the exercise of the mind, they both refused to flex their academic muscle and so their drive withered and died.

What element of Hamilton's environment managed to blunt the intellectual curiosity and kill my two friends? Why do so many people fail to thrive in Utopia? Why the hell does there have to be death in Paradise? Who let the snake into Eden? Can he be driven back into the inferno and forever left to burn?

Let's sit back and think for a minute. (I wonder how many of us actually spend some time sitting and thinking. I wonder how many of us try to stretch our intellectural boundaries. I wonder how much thinking goes on at Hamiltonin at all. Do we all go to class and turn in papers and finish tests and do our work and go to more classes and not enjoy any of it? Do we all look forward to vacations because we miss home or because we dislike school and its related work? Do any of us thinkers think at all?) But now that we are thinking, let's think about Hamilton. Why do people attend the school? Many can honestly say that Hamilton is just a stepping stone. Yes sir, once I get my diploma, I'll get a hell of a job or get into a great law school or get into a great medical school or look respectable in the eyes of my peers. Well, Hamilton ought to be an end in itself, not a means to an end. (How many people go through life always reaching for their next end, never enjoying the means? How many people go through life saying, "I must do well in high school so I can get into a good college, and them, I must do well in college in order to get into a good graduate school, and then, I must do well in grad school in order that I may secure a position in a good company, and then, I must work hard in order to achieve my goal of having enough capital funds to support my children and enable them to get into a good college, and then die"? Live each day like it might be your last. Only keep half an eye out for the future. Once the future controls you, you lose the ability to enjoy life.)

Too many people here are controlled by the future. They must do well at Hamilton; they have the burning desire. Well, fellows and gals, your burning desire killed my friends. They couldn't handle the heat, so they left the kitchen. "Hey, you know, its not my fault they couldn't handle it. Don't get on my case, I did well and also got a good education." I doubt it. I wonder if it is possible to get a good education at Hamilton. Hamilton does teach you to think and to write and to act the way Hamilton wants you to, but is that a good education? (It sounds like indoctrination to me.) Some seniors can write a literate and fairly perceptive paper on *Hamlet,* but how many of us can make the same paper interesting? How many of us have enough courage to shake off the chains of predictability? How many of us have ever handed in a bold piece of work? And if you have, how was it received? A good education consists in teaching *how* to think, not *what* to think. I think Hamilton, like every school in the country, teaches more of the latter than the former.

I wonder how many of us care about education at all. Which one of use would rather read *Othello* than watch "The White Shadow"? Who of us would rather think than digest pre-thought material?

Very few of us do care. Some of us yearn to make a name for ourselves, and this heated passion has transformed my two friends into two seperate piles of ashes. I only hope that they will learn the world is full of people who need power, money, and peer approval. I hope that they realize that these people's fuel is the eternal flame of Hell. I hope they both imitate the phoenix by rising and flying towards Heaven. Finally, I hope they realize that "there is a Catskill eagle in some souls that can alike dive down into the blackest gorges and soar out of them again and become invisible in the sunny space. And even if he forever flies within the gorge, that gorge is in the mountains; so that even in his lowest swoop the mountain eale is still higher than the other birds upon the plain, even though they soar." (*Moby Dick,* "The Try-Works") Most of us are birds upon the plain. I hope my friends are the Catskill eagle.

More Letters

Bingham Exposed

TO THE EDITOR:

In maintaining his well-known anti-fraternity policy, Hamilton's Dean of Students, R. Gordon Bingham, has begun focusing his attack on the Gryphon Society. Gryphon is an alternative social organization which aims at integrating its members, women included, in the school's social activities. Despite its uniqueness in this respect, Bingham has failed to recognize its positive contributions to the college community. Because of its loose organizational structure, the Dean has perceived Gryphon to be the easiest prey among the Hill's fraternities.

His year-long battle against Gryphon has included outright threats to close the society through his power over dormitories. He has consistently interfered with the appointment of next year's officers. He has threatened to dispossess Gryphon of its own lounge space and furniture, purchased by the society with its own funds. He has culminated his attack with direct harassment of pledges, informing them of the "illegitimacy" of Gryphon.

The members of Gryphon feel that it is time for Bingham's tactics to be made public to the Hamilton community. We feel that the Dean is usurping power that is not rightfully his. Just as it was necessary to publicize, through an open letter to the Spectator, Dean Bingham's personal decision to cancel Class and Charter Day, we feel that this letter to the editor is the only means by which we may seek public redress. We feel that it is our duty to inform the Hill community of Bingham's prejudicial treatment of students and organizations on the campus, particularly one that attempts to integrate women in the social life of the school. The Dean's personal values should not interfere with his duties as Dean of Students.

ELLEN S. LEVENTER '79

Keep Red Cross ready.

The editors of this august publication would like to draw your attention to the survey of favorite record albums on page 14. Due to a major miscalculation on the part of a lowly editor, space was not allotted for the rest of the information for this piece. So here goes.

Since we want to please our reading audience, we want to hear from you. What four albums and one 45 would you take with you.

Let us know, and we'll print as many as we can. Names, no names, we really don't care. Send to Records, c/o The Spectator, Box 83, Hamilton College, Clinton, New York, 13323 or through campus mail.

Guest Spot — Jamie Freeman

Dogs I Have Known

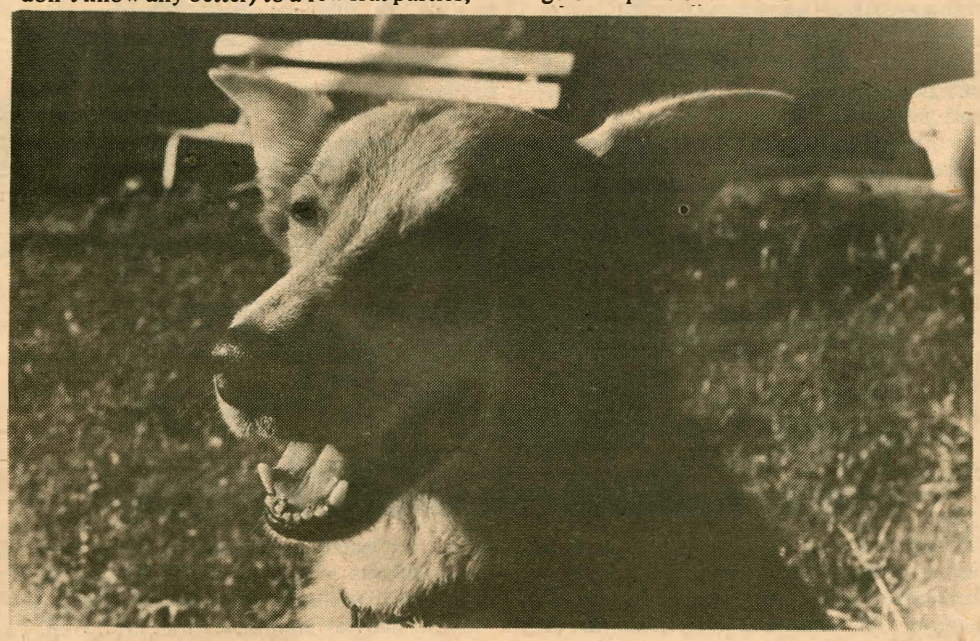
I must admit it, I'm really prejudiced. I have grown up with dogs, as my family has always had them. In the country, a dog tends to serve as your best friend and only playmate, in addition to his regular role as garbage dispose-all, floor covering, car rider, cat exerciser, and bedwarmer. Given my background, it would admittedly be difficult for me to hate dogs at any time.

For a while, Hamilton seemed like a nice place. Good male school in a quaint, quasi-rural setting with lots of green lawns and majestic elms. And there were dogs. I mean, who could forget Eeyore and Olive, the respected king and queen of the H/K campuses. I remember them only too well. Eeyore was fond of chasing airborne moving objects, be they frisbees, sticks or rocks. The only problem lay in trying to recover what you had thrown. Olive had a habit of wandering into any class (she always had an open mind when it came to education—it could be Orgo or Dance 101), check out a few of the extended, friendly palms, then proceed to catch up on a few ZZZZ's. Sooner or later she would suddenly be aroused from her snooze by some senile notion or imagined call to arms, at which point she would head for the nearest exist, barking her old lungs out.

And who will forget the various Sigma Phi dogs-Amos, Beamer and the others? Amos, a handsome black lab, kept the boogie man out of Sig for several years, probably because the guy didn't think to bring a stick with him. (Amos would always play stick.) Beamer was a beautiful golden who likewise adored playing outdoors. Unfortunately, his idea of a frisbee game was for you to throw the disc and for him to run after it, grab it and then lie down to munch it into little bits.

And what about the odd-looking bunch of mutts that DU has managed to accumulate? Buckit and Rumpkin have to be prime examples of how you wouldn't want your dog to look. Both feature big, ill-carried feet and both have the kind of d-a-w-g ears that protrude directly from the sides of their skulls, to then curl and hang down with a touch of shaggy fringe on the ends. Ebony at least looked all right, but likewise was a self-appointed friend to the masses.

And who will soon forget Woody and Vassar? No sober human being ever accused Vassar of being unfriendly. Unfortunately, his constant search for company drove him (as it does to those of us who don't know any better) to a few frat parties, where his attentions became focused on the pools of spilled beer. When he had had enough, Vassar would stagger home to pass out all over my floor. Woody did not exactly appreciate that, but we decided to let sleeping dogs lie in this case. Woody was (and still is) TDX's idea of a favorite mutt and is happiest lying halfway-in-halfway out of that house's dining room.



And who will graduate and forget Chuck? Already playing at a disadvantage (he is an Irish Setter), it is rumored that Chuck was slipped some acid at some point in his illustrious career. The first time that we found him, Chuck was crashed out in our Dunham hallway, and we assumed that this poor individual was undoubtedly in there to die; he looked so pitiful. Four years later, the former "Arin Root" is still chasing after snowballs, and running straight across College Hill Road in his famous don't-look-any-way-but-straight-ahead style. And he still looks as if he is on the verge of expiration.

And what of the other names that conjure up countless fond memories? Osa, Sir Duke the hairless wonder, Winnie. Ham-bone with his curved foreleg. Plato. Chips. Jake. Both Caseys. Cyclone. Lester. Teisha. Fonz. Vesper. The list is endless. In four years I have met some pretty nice dogs.

But dogs are to be no more, it appears. Ebony was lost. Vassar went home to dry out. Olive went to the great Kirkland College in the sky. Amos, Beamer and Buckit graudated, while Jake, Woody and Rumpkin are slated to graduate this year. Eeyore left, presumably to pursue a professional frisbee career. Chuck's future plans may included an extended visit to the Utica Animal Shelter. And dogs do not fit into the administration's plans for the 1979-1980 school year. Who will there be to take walks in Roger's Glen with-at any hour of the day or night? Who will there be to chase sticks for hours at a time when you just don't feel like hitting Burke? Whose shaggy face and wagging tail will be there to console you and somehow make you feel all right despite that unbelievable Orgo exam?

The elms had to go; in their diseased condition they posed a potential problem to passers-by. But the dogs are quite alive and they help to make this campus more bearable. Sure, a few dogs cause problems; I, too, have felt that cold, gushy feeling between my bare toes, and I don't like to fight Chuck for my meager rations in Commons, but all in all, the dog-related problems around here are minimal. Given a chance, dogs can be properly regulated so that they are less of a nuisance for those who do not appreciate them, but still around for those of us who really "get off on them." Why should the administration, in another one of the moves mentioned in Mr. Billet's recent article (see 'Hard Rain," The Spectator, April 13), neglect the opinion of the vast majority of the student body and the other persons on this Hill who enjoy animals, by moving quickly and finally to ban all pets from campus? The Humane Society was not even consulted. No trial period, no possible alternatives; just don't let us see any animals here next fall.

I told you that I was not giving you an objective point of view. I love dogs, I will miss seeing them on the Hill. My term at this institution was certainly enhanced by the presence of companionable friends of the four-legged variety. Maybe I'm really weird, maybe I belong in a pound, but I feel that this campus stands to lose a lot by an absolute all-animal ban.

Shoot the Wounded — Tom Glavin

Let Me Buy You a Beer

This is my houseparties column. I won't keep you long. Glance at it, flip through the rest of *The Spectator,* roll it all up into a ball, chuck it over your shoulder, walk out the door, and go someplace where you can get good and wasted.

Hamilton sucks. Classes are a pain. The girls are ugly. The guys are tools. The buildings are funny-looking. Don't fight the feeling of desperation—wallow in it. Houseparties is one of Hamilton's great traditions for the very reason that it afford us escape from our fun-deprivation and mediocrity. I don't believe I have any new insights into the already much-bemoaned inadequacy of Hamilton's social life, but our mediocrity is a Hamilton hallmark which I do not believe has received its due.

It always irritates me when I hear things like: "You know, Hamilton is one of the top 30 schools in the country." I feel like qualifications are being held back: "Well, that is, among small privately endowed liberal arts co-education institutions in the Northeast").

Oh, he's really brilliant-he gets A's in all his courses." (No student at Hamilton is "brilliant." If they were brilliant, they wouldn't be here. There are smart students at Hamilton and there are students who work hard, but nobody here is "brilliant.")

"Well,look at all the famous Hamilton graudates: Ezra Pound, B.F. Skinner, Peter Falk..." (None of these men went to Hamilton for four full years. I never even *heard* of Ezra Pound until my hall advisor freshman year told me he was Hamilton's most illustrious graduate.)

I realize this is a touchy subject, and I apologize if I'm offending anyone by saying these things—we all love to pat ourselves on the back—but let's face it, we're mediocre. The robe of greatness is one which does not quite fit us.

And what's so unbearable about that? Actually, it's kind of nice being normal. Brilliant and great people are also very lonely people; they are estranged from the rest of humanity by their abnormality. If someone is exposed in conversation as a Yale or Harvard student, do you think people genuinely find that quality endearing? Of course not; they resent it (which is understandable, but not very fair to the Ivy Leaguer). I have witnessed several scenes where such an exposure generated tension if not open hostility. If, on the other hand, I tell someone that I am from Hamilton and they seriously inquire, "Isn't that a two-year school up in Canada?" we both get a good chuckle out of the exchange and he might even buy me a beer before the night is out.

Albert Einstein was a genius if anyone ever was, but there are probably less than 10 people alive today who fully understand his theory of relativity. Having attained this greatness at the price of this isolation Einstein realized the ultimate importance of a bond with fellow humanity. Declared Albert:

> I do not care for money. Decorations, titles, or distinctions mean nothing to me. I do not crave praise. The only thing that gives me pleasure, apart from my work, my violin, and my sailboat, is the appreciation of my fellow workers.

Perhaps he would have enjoyed houseparties as well. Probably not. But here's hoping that we normal people can make the best of what we have, which, to indulge in a little back-patting, really isn't such a bad place after all.

Cellar Door — Jon Gartner

The Final Round

A flash announcement attributed to Senior Class President, Mike Tamulis, states that a fight will be held during senior week as a fundraiser for the choir. The bout will be billed as David v. Goliath with the principles being Coley 'Samson' Burke and Little Davey Breitbarth.

This reporter has visited both training camps in order to file this report. Burke, in order to acclimate himself to Clinton weather, has set up a small ring in the vault of the Hayes National Bank. "Well," Burke said, "I got the idea from Rocky hitting that side of beef, y'know, I just practice my right crosses on my bags of money." Burke denigrates his opponent, claiming that he takes "cheap quotes" and is a "second-rate" boxer. Mr. Burke, an aging but crafty fighter, has not been in active competition since his undergraduate days. However, he has kept in shape by serving on the Board of Trustees of a small college nestled in the foothills of the Adirondacks where his decisions constantly confuse, exasperate and dismay the students. Burke feels that the fight should be an easy victory for him and laughs at the "obscene sum" of money being paid to his opponent. However, to set the facts straight, Mr. Burke has never seen his foe in the flesh but has only read of him in the newspaper of "one of the best colleges in the country."

Breitbarth, on the other hand, has been training in the familiar environs of Minor Theatre. There have been accusations flung from the Breitbarth camp that Burke's agents had something to do with the recent Theater sabotage. A training camp switch to the Theater Storage Barn was also ruined by fire. Suspicious looking characters wearing 3-piece suits were spotted near the scene just before the incident. Burke downplays this fact and adds that "at any rate, I know a good lawyer."

Breitbarth's trainer, Ivan Kline, has devised a secret fight plan which he refuses to divulge. However, the name of this strategy has revealed to be the Syntax-a-Dope. This will be coupled with Breitbarth's traditional Skakespearean Shuffle.

Burke has been described as a "man of status...who is obviously showing his interest and concern with education at Hamilton College" by undertaking this fight for free. However, Breaitbarth feels that by using his speed he can negate the heavy economic weight Mr. Burke wields.

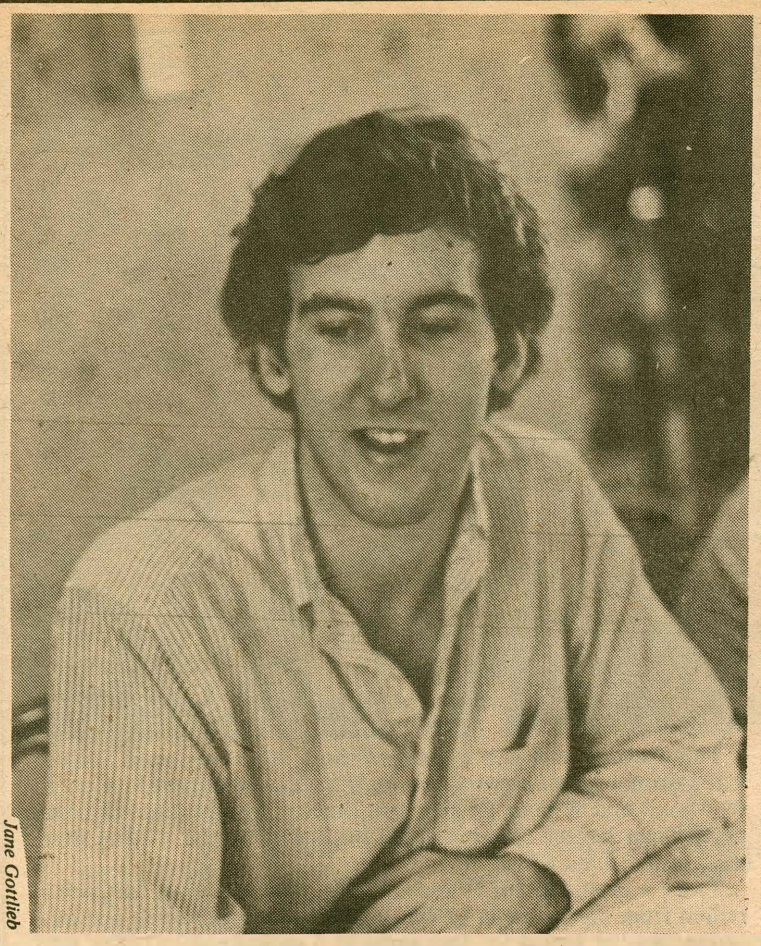
The tension between the fighters is being heightened by the division of the students into two groups, known as the Golden Gloves and the Pugilist Players.

At the weighing in, where Burke closed at 187½ down ¼, the fighters made their final poetic predictions. Burke stated in erudite and polished words:

I sting like a WASP
And float like a cloud,
With the money I win
The school will be well endowed.
Although I cut a figure no longer svelte,
I have a secret weapon:
To hit him with my money belt.
I am the champ
I am the king
How can I lose to a man
Who wears an earing?

Breitbarth retorted in a dramatic tone:

In the fight between
Money and right,
The rich man's punch
Is always slight.
I know the god Lord
Is on my side—
Behind the dollar sign
My opponent cannot hide.
He is wrong
And I am right
I will predict
The outcome of the fight:
Beyond four rounds
He will not last
And on his wallet
He'll wear a cast.



Jane Gottlieb

Peter Swartz, '80, was selected this past week by the members of the Honor Court to serve as next year's chairman. He has been a member of the Honor Court for the past three years.

Food For Thought

Hunger Forum Faces Facts

by David Schindler

Francis Moore Lappe. author of *Diet For a Small Planet* and *Food First,* told an amusing anecdote last Sunday to an intent Chapel audience. She said that when she was on a talk show with a U.F.O. expert, she was asked the question, "What do you think they eat on U.F.O.'s?"

Issues that were discussed by food "experts" at the 1974 World Food Conference in Rome, Italy were almost as asinine as the talk show question, according to Lappe. Before discussing characteristics of the world hunger problem, Lappe pointed out that the problem can be solved by "ordinary individuals", not government officials.

The lecture by Lappe was part of Hamilton's World Hunger Weekend, which also included a concert by Harry Chapin. Profits from the concert will be given to groups which are attempting to fight world hunger. The weekend was organized by the Third World Society.

In Lappe's opinion, there are several misconceptions about the hunger problem. She has tried to assimilate accurate information.

Lappe said people who believe that food is scarce are wrong. She explained that , "while hunger is real, scarcity is not real," since food is plentiful in many nations with hungry citizens. Bangladesh has a lot of food resources that are not utilized, and India has 16 million tons of grain that is rotting in poor storage facilities, according to Lappe.

Since scarcity is not the cause of the hunger problem, increased food production, the solution that many people have proposed, is no good, in Lappe's opinion. She pointed out that there are many hungry citizens in the U.S. and Brazil, countries with increased food production. She said that agricultural workers who are "cut out of (food) production" are "cut out of consumption."

Lappe believes that another popular misconception is the notion that the hunger problem is distant. She stated that "monopoly control of a few supermarket chains" in the U.S. makes the problem in this country "not very different" from the problem abroad.

The solution to the food problem, according to Lappe, is to make the distribution of food democratic. She said that nations must distribute food more equally by not ignoring the "relationships between people in the social-political sphere." According to Lappe, powerful people who control large amounts of food for profit within countries with hunger problems should be forced to redistribute food. Lappe is also in favor of the abolition of the "global supermarket," her name for the group of international corporations that stops poor people from obtaining food by keeping prices high.

Margot Gilman

Lappe stated that the U.S. government should not interfere with other countries that have hunger problems. She pointed out that the U.S. has often given aid to dictators who maintain unequal food distribution. Citizens of countries with food problems, she said, can solve the problems without intervention by any foreign government, since "No one sits around and starves."

Lappe concluded her lecture with the opinion that we should "all ask the biggest questions" when we deal with the hunger problem.

A panel discussion took place after the lecture. The participants were Professor of Biology Eugene Putala, Assistant Professor of Philosophy Rick Werner, Instructor in Economics Subrahmanyam Ganti, Gus Benedict, a retired farmer from Rome, New York, Harry Chapin, and Lappe.

Putala maintained that "a very basic revolution in human nature" will have to occure before the world hunger problem is solved. He said that the world will have to de-emphasize money to eliminate hunger.

After amusing the audience while explaining that he was "busted out of Cornell University twice," Chapin pointed out that somebody who is not aware of the true characteristics of the hunger problem is like "a maintenance man on the Titantic."

Benedict got more laughs than Chapin when he said that time have changes, since "I never remember seeing bluejeans in a college chapel on a Sunday afternoon." He added that, "If the small farm is to go on, it needs help."

In an interview, Chapin said that, in order to overcome apathy, students should obtain as much knowledge as possible about the hunger problem. He supplied the names and telephone numbers of the three organizations to fight hunger that he is affiliated with: The Presidents' Commission on World Hunger (no telephone number available); World Hunger Year (516-742-3700); and the Food Policy Center (202-547-7070).

Do You Wear GLASSES ?

Here's an effective new eye-exercise program that can produce astonishing results in a very short time . . .

The Bettervision Eye Clinic is now offering a program of eye-exercises that can safety correct most cases of poor eyesight—***so that glasses or contact lenses are no longer needed.*** Originally developed by Dr. William H. Bates of the New York Eye Hospital, this method has been widely used by the Armed Forces, schools, clinics, and thousands of private individuals, for the treatment of:

- ***nearsightedness***
- ***farsightedness***
- ***astigmatism***
- ***middle-age sight***

For many years it was thought that poor eyesight was just bad luck, or something you inherit from your parents. Scientists now know that most eyesight problems are caused by accumulated stress and tension—which squeeze the eyeball out of shape, and affect the muscles that do the focusing. The result is the eye cannot form a clear image, and the world appears to be blurry. In people over 40, the natural aging process is also an important factor.

No matter what your eyesight problem the Bates Method can help you. This is a health care program, and will benefit everyone who follows it— children, adults, and seniors.

It is important to understand that glasses do not cure a visual problem. They are simply a compensating device —like crutches. In fact, glasses usually make the condition worse. Because they make the eyes weak and lazy, a minor problem often develops into a lifetime of wearing glasses.

The Bates Method corrects poor eyesight by strengthening the eye-muscles and relaxing the eyeball. You do simple easy exercises that increase your focusing power, eliminate eyestrain, and bring your eyesight back to normal.

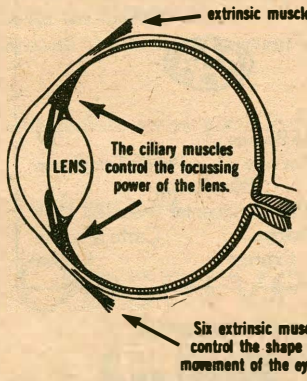
Because the Bates Method deals with the ***basic cause*** of your eyesight problem, you can expect to ***see*** a definite improvement in as little as 1 or 2 weeks. Even if you have worn glasses all your life—things will become clearer and clearer, and you will have flashes of good vision . . . as you go through the program, these flashes become longer and more frequent . . . gradually blending into ***permanent better sight***—at which point the exercises are no longer necessary.

We usually find that people whose eyesight is not too bad can return to 20/20 vision in about a month. Even if your eyesight is really poor, within 2 to 3 months you should be able to put away your glasses, once and for all. Read these case histories:

Aldous Huxley—Nobel Author
"My vision was getting steadily worse, even with greatly strengthened glasses. To my dismay I realized I was going blind. On the advice of my Doctor I decided to try the Bates Method. There was an immediate improvement. After only 2 months I was able to read clearly without glasses. Better still, the cataract which had covered part of one eye for over 16 years was beginning to clear up."

Rev. Frederick A. Milos, M.S.
"By following the simple exercises given in this program, I have completely recovered my vision. Now I can read for long periods without my glasses."

Ron Moore—Technician
"I originally went to the Clinic to deliver some equipment—and ended up trying their eye-exercise program. I am near-sighted, and have worn glasses for 15 yrs. In just 3 weeks after starting the program, my eyesight has already improved to the point where I can now drive, do business, and watch T.V.—all without my glasses!"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The ciliary muscles control the focussing power of the lens.
Six extrinsic muscles control the shape and movement of the eyeball.

This program has been specially designed for the individual to exercise at home. Written in simple non-technical language, it gives you ***all*** the guidance you need to regain natural healthy vision in just ½ hour a day: illustrated booklet, complete step-by-step instructions, plus special charts and displays to ensure you make rapid progress. The program is fully guaranteed and there's nothing more to buy.

By following this program, you will soon be able to see clearly without glasses. It's up to you. Ordering the Bates Method can be one of the best decisions you ever made. So do it now—before you get sidetracked and forget. Fill out the order coupon, attach your check for $9.95 plus $1 for postage and handling, and mail it to us today!

If you have any questions regarding this program, please call us at (415) 763-6699. Our qualified operator will be glad to help you.

The Bates Method can mark a turning point in your life—better eyesight without glasses or contact lenses. The program is guaranteed. Try it for 30 days, and if you're not fully satisfied, return it for an immediate refund.

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ROOMMATE WANTED

I am looking for someone to share an apartment with this summer in Washington. x4281. Francesca.

PERSONALS

She just came up and gave me a pomegranate. I could handle the banana, but this?

Peel

P.J.
Dinner, play, ??? Are your intentions honorable? Are mine?

To Teddy & Betty:
Are you ready?

Freddie & Eddie

To B or Not to B

Housing: Playing to Win

by Steve Gordon

Along with frisbees and softballs, warm weather in April also heralds the return of the perennial springtime event, the on-campus housing lottery. While dreaming dreams of Commons Apartment or South Towers, though, one should keep in mind the following changes in on-campus housing regulations and options:

1. If you choose to live in a suite, the option of "pulling in" another person is now yours. Last year, one could only pick one's roommate for a double in a suite.

2. There will be a redistribution of freshman housing. One side of South will be completely upperclassman housing, while the other side will house a few freshmen. A total of 48 double and single rooms in suites throughout Milbank Dorm will be designated as freshman housing. Also, the number of frosh in Dunham will be cut to 102.

3. The all-women's dormitory will be Minor Dorm instead of Major. The change was made in response to student complaints that Major was too far from the center of campus to be an all-women's dormitory.

4. Root Dormitory will be the only designated "quiet dorm" on campus (i.e., no loud stereo playing after 11 p.m. and before 9 a.m. during weekdays).

5.The mandatory 60/40 male to female ratio in Carnegie Dorm will not be lifted. Last year, many complaints surfaced when the female quota was not filled until the sophomores selected. However, the administration expects an increased interest among upperclasswomen toward living in Carnegie.

6. The Keehn Co-op has not yet been filled, and the administration has granted them extra time to seek new members. If they should fall short, some non-Co-op people will be placed in Keehn, although vacancies could also be filled with interested members of the incoming class of '83.

Assistant Dean of Student Affairs Diane Salderelli expects next year's housing situation to be tight but manageable. Currently, there are 25 students who have been given an option to live off campus, but if the need arises, more may be selected. In addition, five doubles are being held for any "extra" freshmen or transfer students.

In response to the question of whether the student-erected partitions locatd throughout Carnegie and South Dorms would be dismantled or left standing, Salderelli commented that they will be judged independently. "The flimsy ones will defineitely go, and the sturdy ones remain."

The actual selection of rooms takes place during the first days on May.

Dean Search

by Douglas Sgarro

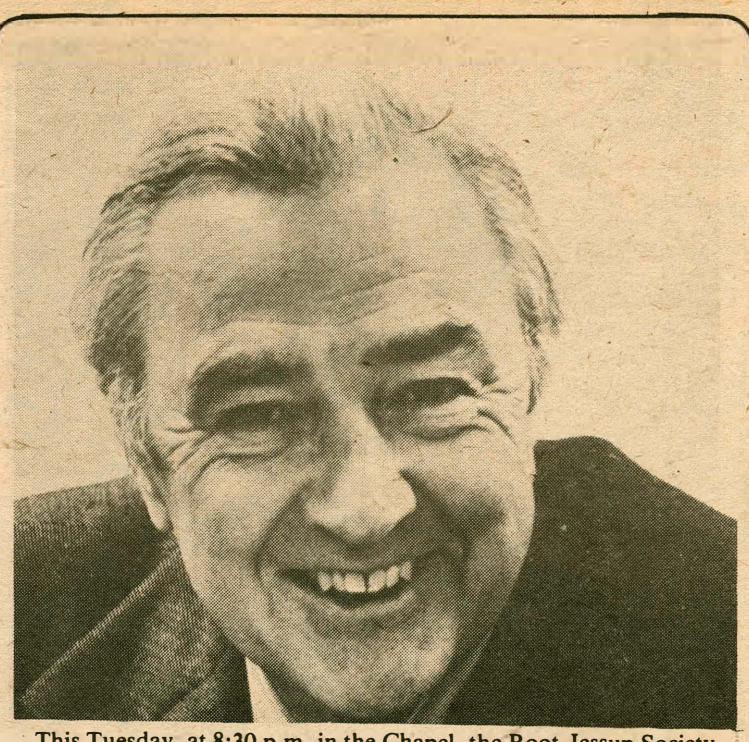
The Dean Search Committee has reduced a field of 231 competitors to five applicants, according to Professor Frederick Wagner, chairman of the committee.

Of the initial 231 applications received, ten percent were from women. The committee then narrowed the field to 40 applicants, six of whom were women, for careful examination.

Wagner stated that he was "pleased in general" with the applications. "Of the 40 we looked more carefully at," he said, "it was very difficult to narrow the field."

The final five applicants, none of whom are women, will be subjected to interviews by the President, the Dean and the Dean Search Committee. "On paper, these applicants look absolutely splendid," said Wagner. He added that the committee hopes to complete this round of interviews "in the near future." The names of these five applicants have not yet been made public.

A second round of interviews will take place later in the semester. In this round, two or three finalists will meet with a large number of groups comprised of both faculty and students. At this time, the names of the finalists will be released. According to Wagner, the college should have a new dean "no later than reading period."



This Tuesday, at 8:30 p.m. in the Chapel, the Root-Jessup Society will present a debate between former U.S. Senator Eugene McCarthy (D-Minn.) and William Rusher, syndicated columnist and publisher of *National Review*. The subject of the debate will be, "What Ever Happened to Liberalism?"

Twice a candidate for President of the United States, McCarthy retired from the Senate in 1970 to resume teaching, writing and lecturing. Rusher served for four years as a spokesman on "The Advocates" television program, and is currently seen on "Good Morning, Amercan." His column, "The Conservative Advocate," appears in 70 newpapers three times a week.

McCarthy represents the liberal side; his interests include baseball, poetry and vegetable gardening. Rusher represents the conservative side; his interests include French wines and Chinese art.

Admission is free to students; $3.50 to the general public.

Finley Tells It Like It Is

by Doug Sgarro

Attendance at Chapel, an age-old Hamilton tradition, has dwindled of late. This semester has witnessed a sudden decline in both student and faculty attendance. In fact, in the words of this year's Chapel speaker, Finley Harckham, the event is "going down the tubes. We've even tried the killing-the-dog routine," said Harckham, "nothing seems to work."

In a brief but revealing Spectator interview, Harckham pondered his problem.

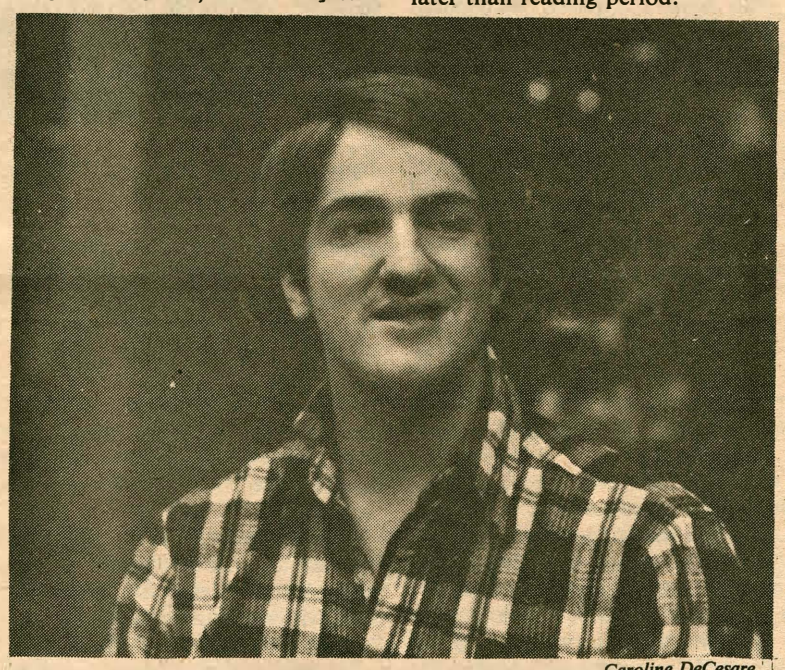
Finley, why aren't people coming to Chapel? "I've been pondering thast problem lately. The impression I get is that Tuesday at 10:30 is not a good time. Chapel used to be Monday mornings and more people had classes then. There hasn't been much news, either. We only get three of four announcements per week and not many people want to speak at Chapel anymore...Also, Dean Bingham is constantly despoiling the air in the Chapel. Is that a legitimate word, despoiling?"

How do you plan to improve attendance at Chapel? "Well, we've tried just about everything and have been receiving a lot of hate mail about our performances. However, there's a rule in the Hamilton Student Constitution that stipulates that the Chapel speaker can mandate all freshmen to attend Chapel. We're considering putting that into effect. For the last Chapel, we're planning an extravaganza complete with the Hamilton Dance Band. We've even invited Baby Dumpling, a 400 pound stripper from Utica."

Why aren't more of the faculty attending Chapel? "That pisses me off. I thought I saw Gordon [John Gordon, [assistant professor of English] there once or twice. Or maybe it wasn't Gordon. Who is that little blonde person who sits in the first row? O'Neill [John O'Neill, associate professor of English] has been there once. And Father Drobin and Reverend Eaton show up. I figure they don't want us to wreck their Chapel. Spear [Lee Spear, assistant professor of Music] comes. Mention Spear. But none of the rest come. You'd think they'd take the opportunity to be witty or funny, but they don't. One of the best ways to revive Chapel would be to have the faculty take a greater part. For instance, if the Government Department was having a colloquium, we could get Richardson [Channing Richardson, professor of Government] up there as Idi Amin."

In retrospect, do you have anything to say about your career as a Chapel speaker? "It's been a hard job. Sometimes I go back to my room and cry for hours on end. You're lonely out there and there's no one to support you. Just a bunch of Mongoloid idiots staring blankly back."

What qualities should be looked for in selecting the next Chapel Speaker? "Well, he should have a quick and ready wit, a two-foot cod piece and a derriere attractive to the Provost."



Caroline DeCesare

Finley speaks

Perrin A., Marc B., Peter B., Kirk B., Steve B., Phil C., Scott F., Joe F., Steve G., Greg G., Chris H., Dave H., Charley J., John K., Dennis K., John L., Ed M., Jim M., Bob., Chris N., Scott N., Bob O., Steve P., John R., Bruce R., Brian R., Phil R., Rich R., Dan R., Kaz S., Paul S., Matt T., John W.X.Z., Tom C., Keith H.

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LET'S POOL TOGETHER AMERICA!

Margot Gilman

Provost for a Day

Spectator Multiple Choice Quiz

This week: YOU are the Provost!

1. As Provost, you want to make the fieldhouse lobby more aesthetically pleasing. You decide to install:
   a. Full-color posters of Cedric Oliver
   b. Muzak versions of Elvis Costello tunes
   c. Full-color posters of Ruth Luwisch
   d. Rented trees.

2. You want small greenery and flowering plants, but they're too expensive because they require _____.
   a. A grant from IBM
   b. A copper pan
   c. Approval from David Breitbarth
   d.Mulch

3. With the help of Terry, a horticulturalist, you finally decide on _____ because it produces no fruit.
   a. The front end of a Rambler
   b. "fecus benjamina"
   c. A 55-year old stripper from Utica named Baby Dumpling.
   d. "benjamina harrison"

4. You love the trees, and they love the warmth of the fieldhouse. In fact, if left untrimmed, the trees can grow to be _____.
   a. Good friends with your roommate
   b. Annoyingly raucous after several drinks
   c. Enormous
   d. Great seuquoias

5. The rental includes the _____, _____, and _____ pf the trees.
   a. Feeding, washing, and trimming
   b. Hemming, hawing, and stuttering
   c. Pruning, crooning, and ruining
   d. The question is a trick; trees can't be rented

6. The Spectator reporter asks you, "How are things going so far, er, with the trees, I mean—" You want to make a joke to ease the tension. You reply:
   a. "All the bugs are ironed out, heh heh"
   b. "Just between you and me, in 1947 when I was in the Navy..."
   c. "We iron the trees every day—the bugs have moved over to the gym."
   d. "How about these intramural fields?"

7. The reporter is obviously baffled by your impish humor, and probably wants to go to lunch. So, you continue along the same line. You warn the reporter that students should never take one of the marvelous rented "fecus benjamina" trees home to their rooms, because:
   a. The trees are on the pill
   b. They are attached to an alarm system in the Provost's house.
   c. The school plans to use them for hockey sticks
   d. A large metal rod runs through the roots to prevent removal

Scoring:
All seven correct—apply to Dean Search; we've got a Provost.
5-6 You could edit the Wag.
3-4 You could edit Proportion
2-3Still not bad—Carovano got only one right.

Title IX Observed

by David Schindler

The Hamilton department of physical education is oberving Title IX, a law which is supposed to give people equality of opportunity, according to members of the department.

Eugene Long, professor of physical education and head track and cross-country coach, stated that Title IX will eventually "change the philosophy of Division I," since Division I includes large universities with heavy investments in male sports programs. He maintained that colleges such as Hamilton, which are members of Division III, will not be adversely affected by Title IX. In Long's opinion, members of Division III can re-evaluate their athletic programs on a "sex-neutral basis" more easily than institutions that are members of Division I.

At Hamilton, new athletc teams and other types of athletic organizations are established when men, women, or both demonstrate need and ability, according to Long. He stated that revising athletics for women is often difficult because people tend to "judge women's progress by men's standards." However, there have been no major complaints about the physical education department's efforts to observe Title IX.

Associate Co-ordinator of Physical Education and Athletics Comfort Richardson maintains that a re-evaluation of Hamilton's athletic program would have occurred without Title IX. She said that the re-evaluation "was done very much for other reasons," and was a "natural response to needs of women." She explained that coeducation, rather than Title IX, significantly affected athletics at Hamilton.

Five new women's athletic teams were created this year: swimming, cross country, track and field, winter track, and basketball. In addition, women's squash and soccer clubs were founded.

News From Other Campuses

At Wesleyan Univesity, Henry Ablelove, a lecturer in history, came up for tenure. He had the support of students, his department and many faculty, but the Academic Council and its Advisory Commttee recommended that he not receive tenure. After a long battle, the students have won and Ablelove will get tenure.

According to the Wesleyan ARGUS, President Colin Campbell will go against these two committees and ask the trustees to grant Ablelove tenure.

Initially, Ablelove was not granted a promotion because there was a "question as to the quality of his scholarship, as his manuscript has not yet been published."

□

He isn't George Plimpton, but this time Amherst's new president is for real. Two weeks after running an April Fools issue announcing the appointment of Plimpton as president, the Amherst STUDENT in their April 16 issue reported that Julian Gibbs, Amherst '46 and professor of chemistry at Brown University, has been named the fifteenth President of the College.

Gibbs was quoted as saying, "A real great college. It hits a long ball." [?]

The Gibbs appointment comes in the wake of serous troubles at Amherst College. As students were waiting to hear about the new president, the STUDENT reports, "a six foot high wooden cross was burned near Charles Drew house shortly after midnight."

Both the presidential appointment and the cross-burning occurred within hours of each other and the STUDENT was in a rush to cover it all. The paper reported that "at least 100 students were occupying the dean's office at press time." New president Gibbs has commented: "I will say two things. It's ghastly. I'm not prepared to assume it was done by Amherst students."

□

'Twas a very sad day in Boston on Monday, April 16. Sad, that is, for anyone under the age of 20. On that tearful day the state of Massachussetts ordered that the young folk not be served the wild and wonderful spirits anymore. Indeed, as a result of recent legislation focused on preventing automobile accidents involving inebriated youngsters, the Senate and House of the Bay State decided that anyone under the age of 20 may not buy or be served alcohol.

This law has stirred the many campuses across that state. At Amherst College, the Amherst STUDENT reports, the Dean of Students held an open meeting last week to descuss the new situation. "Under the new state liquor law," the STUDENT writes, "all persons under the age of 20 will be carefully protected from the purchase or consumption of alcohol by a comprehensive system of mandatory penalties ranging up to $300 in the case of an underaged person buying the demon liquid."

The STUDENT also reports that at large functions lke fraternity parties, "the administration will officially discourage the serving of alcoholic beverages."

A STUDENT editorial in that same issue attacked Massachusetts Governor Ed King for supporting such a law.

Yes, indeed, it was a sad and tearful moment at Amherst and all over the state when "dry" became a new word for all those under 20.

□

This recently arrived from our foreign correspondent at New York University:

"McGeorge Bundy, retired head of the Ford Foundation, former Harvard dean and one of the early masteminds of U.S. Viet Nam policy has been appointed to a special chair in the New York University History Department. NYU President John Sawhill appointed Bundy upon his announced retirement from the Ford Foundation. Coincidentally, Sawhill was being considered for the Ford post at the time. Members of the NYU community are opposed to Bundy because of his role in influencing American involvement in Viet Nam. But they are just as incensed by Sawhill's refusal to follow appointment procedures requiring faculty and student participation. Instead, Sawhill simply announced his appointment of Bundy, creating a special history chair for him where he will research the history of nuclear energy. Bundy's opponents claim he was appointed because he could use his influence to attract corporate inventments to NYU. Supporters of the appointment have only stated that Bundy should not be condemned for his political beliefs. Academic freedom at NYU seems to mean even war criminals never have to say they're sorry."

Pounding It Home

English Jocks Never Change

Editor's Note: The Spectator recently received the long-lost diary of Claire Wadsworth. Ms. Wadsworth, a 1905 gradute of Wells College, was acquainted with Hamilton College for many years. A tremendously distant niece of Professor Root, Ms. Wadsworth has many fascinating tales to tell of early Hamilton student life. What follows is an excerpt from her diary, compiled and edited by Philip Ruppel.

"Saturday night on the Hill has always been a real pleasure. I mean, all these young men running around, raising woopy, and well, it's a change from Wells. I come here with a bunch of girls every couple of months. They don't let us get out of Aurora too often, but every now and then, you know the right people, and away you go.

"I'd taken the stage out of Syracuse. It was a long and bumpy ride, dusty and tiring. By the time we got up the Hill and had washed up at Uncle Root's house across the street, we were ready for a good time.

"Uncle Root introduced me to this young man a year ago. He was a transfer, I don't know from where, and a nice person... but real quiet. That type, always thinking, sometimes muttering. But he was different from the rest and I liked him. His name was Ezra. Ezra Pound.

"Ezra had a room to himself over at South College. It was a nice, cozy room with a fireplace. It could be real nice, but damn, that Ezra was a slob. Dirty clothes lying all over the place, paper crumpled and strewn on the floor, window sill and bed. You'd wonder how he could live there. But he did. You see, Ezra was a writer. I mean, sort of. He did this weird stuff, crazy kind of... but he worked on it night and day... just wrote poetry.

Well, there was a beer and band over at Sopor Commons, and I thought it would be nice to get Ezra out for the night, seeing it was Saturday and all that.

I knocked on his door.

"Ezra? Ezra? It's me. Claire, from Wells. Remember me?"

Ezra has this bad habit of never answering the door.

Margot Gilman

"Ezra! Can I come in?" I went in anyway. Hell, I could have been standing out there forever. I walked into a dimly lit room. The bed was in the corner, filled with scraps and piles of paper. It wasn't made, and three week's wash lay piled at its foot. In the corner by the window sat ol' Ezra, hunched over a desk, scribbling away. You could hardly see anything. Only a short, stubby candle lit the room.

Well, I stood there, looking at Ezra. I felt sorry, sort of, for him. He just couldn't tell what a mess he really was. His hair was too long and never combed. He sat there in a stained and crumpled white shirt and he didn't have any pants on. His bony legs were crossed under the table, and he rubbed his stocking feet back and forth under the table.

"Ezra? Aren't you glad to see me?" For the first time, Ezra looked up. There was fire in his eyes, which glowed through the mats of hair which curtained them. He had grown a beard and so his lips were hidden. But you could see how the saliva had matted it down. "Ezra Pound, you look like a mess."

"May I for my own self's song truth reckon, Journey's jargon how I in harsh days Hardship endured oft."

"Oh Ezra, come off it. How've you been all these months?"

"List how I, care-wretched, on ice-cold sea, Weathered the winter, wretched outcast Deprived of my kinsmen."

"Sounds rough. Well, I was wondering, how about the beer and band over at Soper? It could be great."

"No! There is nothing! In the Whole and all, Nothing that's quite your own. Yet this is you."

I'll tell you. I was getting pretty sick of getting the run-around from this boy, and I was just ready to turn and leave.

"Great minds have sought you," he said.

"Oh Ezra, you shouldn't." Flattery is one of my weak points.

"-lacking someone else. You have been second always. Tragical? No, you preferred it to the usual things." I wasn't sure what he was driving at. Suddenly there was a glow on his face.

"...in all parts of the piazza were flames in great numbers and grenades bruning to a sound of bombs and..."

"To this month is SEVEN, with bitter smell, with odour burning Offer to gods of the hearth the lungs of victims Warm wind is ring, cricket bideth in wall..."

"Oh Ezra, I never

Some Shine in *Three Sisters*

by Debra Levere

From April 26-29, *The Three Sisters* by Anton Chekhov, directed by Rod Umlas, will be performed at Minor Theatre at 8:30 p.m.

Considered the grandaddy of modern and absurdist drama, Anton Chekhov was one of the most gifted and brilliant writers ever to have lived. As literature, Chekhovian drama succeeds for it is profound, engaging, well constructed, and highlighted with subtle humor. As staged drama, however, the Chekhov play presents many problems. It is long and tedious if not done correctly. His dramas necessitate the creation of a special atmosphere, laden with tension, suppressed dynamism, and suspense in order to sustain dramatic momentum, as well as to keep the audience awake.

The "special atmosphere" must convey a sense of the complexity and frustration inherent in existence, of the impossibility of mutual understanding between two souls, and finally, of the deep spiritual desolation of the individual. Chekhovian drama is psychological drama. Because of its special quality, those plays transcend realism and achieve a personification of imagery. To the professsional company, the prospect of doing Chekhov presents a considerable challenge. The decision to produce this play on the collegiate level was an ambitious one, not only because of the aforementioned reasons, but also because the characters in *The Three Sisters* require a depth of emotional maturity and experiential knowledge which the average college student simply does not possess.

In *The Three Sisters* most of the ten "main" characters can be likened to planets, spinning on their own axes, and travelling round their singular orbit. At times the planets collide and come into conflict, but these cosmic bodies continue onwards unscathed by the confrontation. We are presented at first with a drawing room comedy. We witness the ennui and bored frivolity of the aristocracy in a provincial Russian town. Though everyone talks and dreams, spouting philosophy and fantasy, no one listens to anyone else and the words echo into the void. By the last act many years have passed, but the characters are essentially unchanged. Their dreams have been worn and frayed by the years. Despair and resignation replace hope and aspiration.

My main complaint with this production was the lack of energy and the inability of the cast to attain a logical cohesiveness. the energy was frequently unfocussed and scattered. Tensions between characters, so essential for the dramatic movement, failed to materialize. The energy needed to propel the individual planets was not there to begin with so that when the collisions occurred there was no spark. Those actors and actresses who did succeed in creating their particular roles had nothing to play off of so that their stellar performances were but a single light.

Melissa Putterman plays Olga, the eldest of the sisters and did an admirable job of it. Over her four years here, Melissa has consistently grown, experimented, and matured as an actress. Her exciting and focused performance supplies ample testamony to this. John Moon, as Baron Tuzentach; a sensitive and spiritually rich young man, is remarkable. Moon possesses a unique talent. His representation of the Baron was a joy to watch for he succeeded in sculpting a fully developed persona from the elasticity of his movements to the intonations of his voice. Moon utilized Tuzenbach as a vehicle through which he managed to express emotions, perceptions, and attitudes uniquely his own yet wonderfully universal. Robin Haft as Masha, the middle sister gave a notable performance. She has beautiful timing and possesses a keen awareness of the theatrical essence. Haft has a magnetism and vitality which lends color and excitement to the production. Marina Mahlau plays Irina, the youngest sister, and Chris Walsh plays Andrei, the only brother. Allen McCulaugh plays Vershinin and Bruce Mandia plays Solyony. Renee Rau as Natasha, the bourgeois local girl who marries Andrei and succeeds in destroying the family and usurping the house through her tyrannical and unpleasant nature handles this role with ease. Finley Harckham as the doddering old Doctor Chebutykin provides some comic relief as does John McCormick, Tony Kelso, and David Pratt. Susan Hill France as Anfisa, the old nurse does an admirable job in surmounting the difficulty in rendering such a bent old woman.

Umlas did a fine job of directing. It is very difficult to place so many characters on stage at once, but he has managed to achieve some beautiful spatial effects through his blocking. At times the physical relationships and compositions approached a poetry of form which was delightful to watch.

The Alexander Hamilton Players present "No Exit" by Jean-Paul Sartre directed by Michael d' Arcangues and featuring Matthew Stern, Valerie Jones, Tracy Schoolman and William Driscoll. It will be presented in the List Recital Hall on Wednesday, May 2 at 8 p.m., on Thursday, May 3 at 9:30 p.m. and on Friday, May 4 at 8 p.m.. Admission is free.

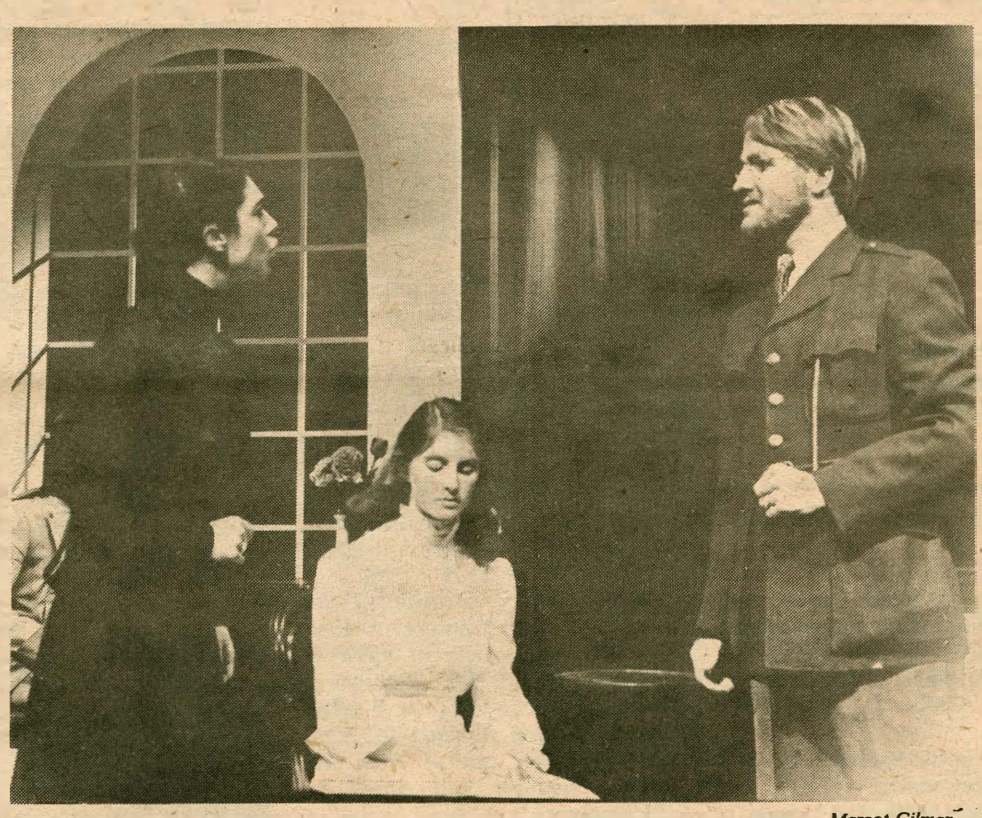
Oratorio Anniversary

The Hamilton College and Community Oratorio Society will celebrate the completion of its 4th year of existence with a concert this Sunday, April 29 at 8:30 p.m., at theFirst Presbyterian Church in Utica. Two major works will be performed: the "Requiem" of Gabriel Faure and Schubert's "Mass in G."

The Syracuse Symphony Orchestra, continuing its collaboration with the Oratorio Society, will provide 30 instrumentalists for the concert.

The soloists for this performance come from three major cities of central New York. Pasquale Caputo of Utica will be the tenor soloist, recreating the performance he gave two weeks ago with Judith Somogi and the Utica Symphony. Margaret Chalker, the soprano soloist, is from Syracuse, where she studies and teaches voice at Syracuse University. She also sings with the Opera Theatre, and last December was soloist in the Oratorio Society's performance of Handel's "Messiah." The baritone is William Sharp, now living in Rochester, where he studies with Thomas Paul at the Eastman School of Music. Mr. Sharp has distinguished himself in both opera and oratorio, particularly in his portrayals of the character of Christ in Bach's Passions accord to St. Matthew and St. John.

Lee Spear, the founder and musical director of the Oratorio Society, will conduct the performance. Spear in in his sixth year as an assistant professor of music at Hamilton. He established the Oratorio Society in 1975 to provide an outlet for singers from the greater Utica-Rome area who want to perform the great masterworks of choral music. The members of the group, over 100 singers, come from as far as Holland Patent and Canastota for weekly rehearsals at the College.



Margot Gilman

Guitarists Score

by Brad Auerbach

What we have are two new releases from two fine guitarists: George Benson's double-disc *Livin' Inside Your Love* and Carlos Santana's solo effort, entitled *Oneness.* Due to his commerical approach, Benson will probably sell more copies of his album than will Santana.

The surprising success of Benson's first Warner Bros. disc, *Breezin'* opened the door for the success of "pleasant" jazz records. The mellower jazz discs attracted first the ear and then the money of those who did not ordinarily listen to jazz. Manartists released such MDR (Middle of the Road) jazz records, and the rift began to grow. On one side were jazz purists who shunned the heavy orchestration and relative blandness of the MDR jazz discs. On the other side were artists like Benson, Chuck Mangione and others who replied to their critics by pointing to their music's acceptance by the record-buying public. For instance, Benson's *Breezin'* LP was Warner Bros. biggest selling jazz album ever, and Mangione's *Feels So Good* almost edged out *Saturday Night Fever* for last summer's top slot on the charts.

With a sound grasp of basic economics, Benson has charted no new ground with his latest LP. If you liked his last three offerings you will like this one. There are a few songs which feature Benson's Stevie wonder-clone vocals. "Hey Girl" is the bet of the vocal songs. The title song is a pretty tune, as is "You're Never Too Far From Me." Benson's guitar playing is at its finest n these two cuts. The obligatory funky tune, "Soulful Strut," has a catchy hook and a solid back beat. All in all, *Livin' Inside Your Love* affirms Benson's status as one of the most popular MDr jazz guitarists.

Santana's album is much more interesting. Subtitled "Silver Dreams Golden Reality," the LP includes aspects of Santana's religious affirmations. Few are the number of artists who have successfully carried their spiritual beliefs into their music. Santana's honesty prevents any possible pretentiousness.

His guitar virtuosity is evident on every track. The first four numbers were recorded live at a Japanese concert last year, and serve to set the stage for the LP's masterpiece, "Transformation Day/Victory." Carlos and guitar soar over a simple melody, the effect is suitably uplifting.

The main difference between the Santana disc and Benson's is the resultant involvement of the listener. Benson's music slides nicely into the background, whereas Santana's music will draw you in. Both are masters of their trades.

Margot Gilman

WHY ARE THESE MEN SMILING

They are Walt Michael, Tom McCreesh and Harley Campbell, and they will be playing the dulcimer, the fiddle and the cello in the Chapel next Friday evening.

INTERESTED IN FAME, FORTUNE: & JUG BANDS

Then enter the jug band competition in this year's Folk Festival! The only rules are that no electric instruments are used and your band must have a jug player (someone who blows into a jug, bottle or other concave glass or ceramic object). The judging will be based on poise, beauty, intelligence, homor and musicality... If you're interested, contact Marc Luckett or Tim Morgan through campus mail.

Folk Fest Next Weekend

The Stephen Fensterer Memorial Folk Festival takes place next weekend. Stephen Fensterer was an alumnus of the year 1972 much reknowned for his banjo-playing. He died the fall after his graduation from Hamilton, and the Hamilton College Folk Festival was renamed in his honor.

A schedule of next weekend's event follows.

FRIDAY, MAY 4

Happy Hour and Jug Band Competition on the Bristol terrace. 4 to 6

Concert in the Chapel:

St. Regis String Band

Walt Michael, Tom McCreesh and Harvey Campbell

Bluegrass Band with Tony Trischka and friends.

SATURDAY, MAY 5

Crafts Fair and Workshops

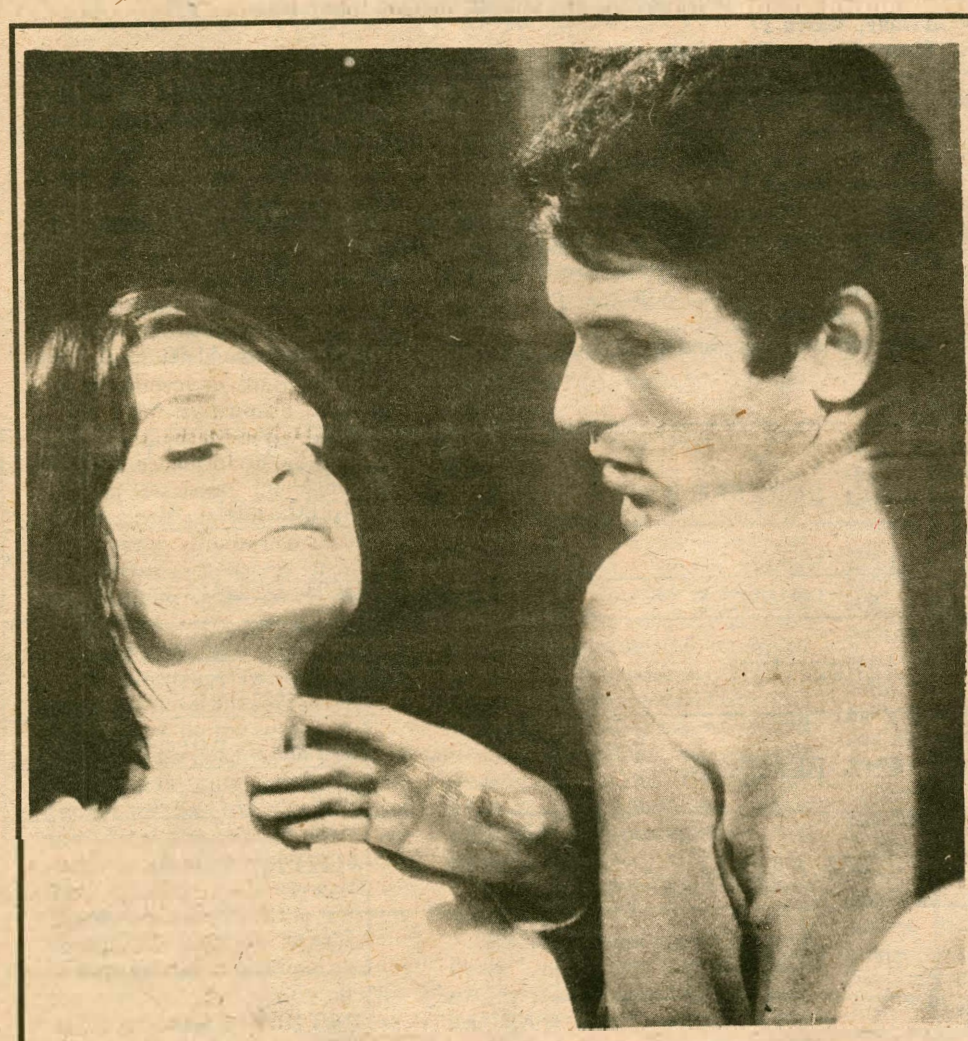
Square Dance

Concert in the Chapel

Jug Band—Competition Winners

The Psaltery—Don Hinckley and Lil Labbe

Roy Bookbinder



Bernardo Bertolucci made **Before the Revolution**, his first major success, when he was only 22. A volatile mixture of styles, romantic and anti-romantic at the same time, it has lost little of its power to exhilarate and surprise. The plot is loosely derived from Stendhal's **The Charterhouse of Parma**: a young man flirts intellectually with communism and incestuously with his young aunt. But eventually he realizes that, for him, life will always be "before the revolution." In defining his hero's "nostalgia for the present," Bertolucci produced a major statement on the state of mind of the 60's, as well as a timelessly lyrical affirmation of youth's rites of passage through love and politics.

Poetry and Art in the Pit

by Peter Cameron

Beautiful weather was not the only phenomenon to descend on the Hill last week. Culture sprang like sap from every crevice of campus—Minor Theatre boasted a production of *The Three Sisters* while Root Art Center celebrated Texan Art. The Red Pit, on three consecutive nights, was stripped of its chairs and occupied by far more interesting objects.

On Wednesday, Nancy La Paglia, an art historian, gave a lecture/slide show on "Women in the Visual Arts." I would find it discouraging to hear of any student who did not know Georgia O'Keeffe's state of being, however, I found it appalling and quite bizarre when Ms. La Paglia asked her audience if Ms. O'Keeffe was still alive. This lack of pertinent information surfaced throughout her lecture. She prefaced many of the slides simplywith "I like this one," never bothering to tell us why. She dismissed one participant's queries about Vanessa Bell in an oddly opinionated way, and sped through the slides at an almost incomprehensible rate.

What Ms. La Paglia lacked in shared knowledge, she made up for in enthusiasm. She was personable, cheerful (except in her dealing with the audio-visual operator), and her choice of slides was first-rate. How beautiful they were, and what a wealth of talent they represented! I was also pleased with her chicanery: she included paintings of kittens and milliners done by men to prove that there is such a thing as a feminine art style. She's right, and it's about time all realized it. Whatever its genre, art is an expression not of gender but of person. Perhaps there will come a time when programs devoted exclsuively to one sex will be obsolete. Till then, I thank the Women's Center for expediting this occurence by focusing our attention on such problems.

Thursday night, the chairs were again removed to make way for John Koethe (Kayte), a poet, who is also a philosophy professor at University of Wisconsin (in Milwaukee). His introduction included a quote by Frank O'Hara asserting that Mr. Koethe's poetry dealt "not on, but in the emergencies of life." Mr. O'Hara wasn't exposed to the same selection of poetry we were, for the poetry read Thursday night was best characterized by a lack of emergency. With a few exceptions it was philosophical all the way.

The reading got off to a very promising start. "Copley Square," a place poem, displayed a fine use of words—notably repetition, as in "half eating the half eaten peach." This imaginitive use of language was abruptly curtailed in the following poems, which contained such trite phrases as "the sun rose behind a cool yellow mountain," "the sun smiled across the sky" and "floating around like seeds on the winds." Every image was entirely predictable with one lovely exception: "Summer is the season you got your hair cut off."

The problem with Mr. Koethe's poetry stemmed from his perception of himself. I don't think he sees himself as a poet anymore. Any child who owns "one vicious dog, one kind dog" and upon moving "kissed the house good-bye" is a poet. In his beautiful autobiographical poem "The Hand in the Breast Pocket" Mr. Koethe talks of that child-poet, and the poem is rich in a way unlike all his others. However, when he deals with his adult life, his poetry dries up into cerebral meditations.

Through his poetry Mr. Koethe acknowledges this loss of spontaneity. He is living "a life which has virtually nothing to do with my own." He speaks tragically of "those other lives that live whinin us, that are not our own...their voices aren't mine anymore." Mr. Koethe is a poet who has lost touch with the poet within himself—he is too concerned with what he thinks, instead of what he feels.

If anything, Jo Pitkin, who read her poetry in the Pit Friday night, is growing closer to the poet within herself. Ms. Pitkin is a very recent graduate of Kirkland College, who is currently living in Cambridge with, among others, "a harpist" and working in the Alice James Poetry Cooperative (I'm not sure what a poetry cooperative is, but I like the sound of it). Next fall she is planning to attend the prestigious University of Iowa's Writing Workshop. She is living proof that wonderful things can happen to one after college.

Ms. Pitkin divided her too brief reading into two sections: poems written at Kirkland; and poems written "on her own" since then. The first group of poems wre fine, but not very original and obviously academic. Her recent poems were far superior—she is getting better and better. The poem "Sleepwalking" was uncommonly moving in its humanistic treatment of a death. Ms. Pitkin talked an awful lot about her poems, sometimes damaging their effect. However, she was among friends, and eager to share her feeling. I'm glad she felt comfortable enough to talk to us, but even if she hadn't it wouldn't have mattered. Her poems spoke for her beautifully.

By now the chairs have once again invaded the Red Pit, the clouds the sky, and John Irving is headed for New York City rather than Clinton. Oh well—for three short days, the Pit was as the Pit should be, and culture was as omnipresent as sunlight.

THE SEVENTH SEAL is Bergman's stunning allegory of man's search for meaning in life. A knight, after returning home from the Crusades, plays a game of chess with Death while The Plague ravages medieval Europe. An exceptionally powerful film, it is a work of awesome scope and remarkable visual pleasures.

EVENTS

MOVIES

On Campus This Week

WOMEN'S FILM SOCIETY: *With Cuban Women.* Friday 8 and 10 p.m. in K-J.

COOP FILM: *The Seventh Seal* directed by Ingmar Bergman. 10 p.m. in Science.

Monday, April 30

WOMEN'S FILM SOCIETY: *With Cuban Women.* 10 p.m. in Science.

Thursday, May 3

COOP FILM: *Before the Revolution* directed by Bernardo Bertolucci. 10 p.m. in Science.

LECTURES

Professor Alvin Fleishman, John Hopkins University. "To Return to St. Ives: Virginia Woolf's Autobiographical Writings." Tuesday 8:30 p.m. in K-J Auditorium.

Professor Abdul M. Auda, American University in Cairo. "Peace in the Middle East." Thursday 8 p.m. Bristol Campus Center Lounges.

SYMPOSIUM on Dissent in the Soviet Union

"Dissent and the Soviet Democratic Movement." Jeffrey Ross, Orest Subtelny, and General Pyotr Grigorenko. Saturday 10 a.m. in K-J Auditorium.

"Disent and Ethnic Minorities." Pavel Litvinov and Professor Teresa Rakowska-Harmstone; Carleston University. Saturday 2 p.m. in K-J Auditorium.

"Conclusions and Discussions." Rudolf Tokes — University of Connecticut. Saturday at 8 p.m. in the Red Pit.

READINGS

STAGED READING. Tom Stoppard's Travesties. Monday and Tuesday 8:30 p.m. in the Science Auditorium.

FICTION READINGS. Professor Rosenfeld's Fiction Class. Thursday at 8 p.m. in the Coffeehouse.

THEATRE

The Three Sisters by Anton Chekhov. Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, at 8:30 p.m. in Minor Theatre.

No Exit by Jean-Paul Sartre Wednesday, May 2 at 8 p.m., Thursday, May 3 at 9:30 p.m. and Friday, May 4 at 8 p.m. in List Recital Hall.

DANCE CONCERT

Two Senior Projects by Robin Haft and Debbie Weber. Friday and Saturday, May 4th and 5th at 7:30 in the Kirkland Art Center. Admission is free.

ART

EXHIBITION OPENING: Annual Student Art Exhibit. Thursday in Bristol Campus Center Lounges.

ROOT ART CENTER: "On the Right Bank of the Red River."

The Spectator received this note from Interfraternity Council President Charles Duke:

"Fraternities Will Prosecute: Since the start of the academic year, fraternity members have sustained a loss of at least $6,000 due to damages and thefts of fraternity property and the personal property of their members. Because they refuse to accept any more theft or "demo" to their property, any persons in the future found damaging or stealing this property will be presecuted not only by the Judiciary Board, but also by a New York State Court of Law.

"The thefts have included complete component stereo systems, televisions, HBO boxes, cameras, car stereos, furniture, flags, composites, tap equipment, and cash. Scratching "x's" in car paint, slashing tires, cracking windshields, breaking windows and doors, destroying tap systems, and irreparably damaging antiques are a few of the atrocities fraternities have faced in the past. In the future, and especially during houseparties, fraternities will take measures to prevent these thefts and damages. And in the recent IFC meeting, it was unanimously decided that any persons found in these acts will be formally charged and prosecuted in a court of law."

HOUSEPARTY SCHEDULE

Independents and women charged where noted

Friday, March 27

Sigma Phi and Theta Delta Chi: Beer and Band on lawn between the houses. "Out of the Blue" and beer truck. 3-7 p.m. In TDX in case of rain.

The Alpha Delta Phi Play: *Oliver.* 8:30 and 10:00. Open to the campus.

Chi Psi: Beer, shots and Band "Rogue." 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. $1.00.

ELS: Molson and Music. Midnite-on. $1.00.

Saturday, March 28

Gryphon: Informal Cocktail Party: "Come as Your Favorite Hallucinogen" in Gryphon lounge at south side of Bundy East. $1.00.

Delta Upsilon: Beef and Band, "Scat." 10 p.m. to 2-a.m. $1.00.

DKE: Beer and Juker. 1 a.m.

Sunday, March 29

DKE: Gin and Juice and Band, "Out of the Blue." 2 p.m. and on. $1.00.

WHCL 88.7 FM: PRESENTS

THE BEST OF PROGRESSIVE ROCK

VOLUME III

APRIL 27,28,29,1979 FRIDAY

	SATURDAY			SUNDAY	
2:00			ROD STEWART	CHIP HASLUN	JONI MITCHELL
2:30		RICK PARROTT			
1:00			THE WHO		BOB DYLAN
1:30			THE RAMONES		
2:00		STEVE WILLIAMS	AEROSMITH		KANSAS
2:30					STEELY DAN
3:00			THE BEATLES		ALLMAN BROTHERS
3:30					THE OUTLAWS
4:00	GORDON URQUHART	RICK NOBLE	JOHN MAYALL	HENRY SNEATH	JETHRO TULL
4:30					
5:00			HOT TUNA		JOAN ARMATRADING
5:30	GWYNN JONES				
6:00		TOM CANOVA	GRATEFUL DEAD	TASHA PANARITES	NEIL YOUNG
6:30					WEISBERG/FOGELBERG
7:00	MARK GREWE				GENESIS
7:30					
8:00			PINK FLOYD	STEVE FRIEDLAND ER	KING CRIMSON
8:30		JOSH RUSSELL	TELEVISION		
9:00			BYRDS		EMERSON, LAKE, PALMER
9:30			DOORS		
10:00	MICHAEL EDELSTEIN		DOORS	EMILY FEINER	ERIC CLAPTON
10:30		MATT SHERIDAN	TAJ MAHAL		VAN MORRISON
11:00			THE BAND		BONNIE RAITT
11:30			DONOVAN		CSN and Y
12:00	ANTHONY MANSON	ADAM BECKERMAN	THE ROLLING STONES	CAROLINE DECESARE	SANTANA
12:30					
11:00			TRAFFIC		JAMES COTTON
1:30					CREDENCE CLEARWATER REVIVAL
2:00	RICK NOBLE				
2:30					
3:00					
3:30					

LED ZEPPLIN
ROXY MUSIC
BLUE OYSTER CULT
THE CARS/THE POLICE
FOREIGNER
ELTON JOHN
JOHN MILES
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN
JERRY JEFF WALKER
JIMMY BUFFET
SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY
RENAISSANCE
KENNY LOGGINS

A Few Hitches

On the Road; Looking For Jack Kerouac

by Doug Chandler

"What's your road, man?—holyboy road, madman road, rainbow road, guppy road, any road. It's anywhere road for anybody anyhow."

—Dean Moriarty in On the Road, *by Jack Kerouac*

It was Friday night at Hamilton College, and everything felt dead, or worse, everything felt alive and I felt dead. There was the Pub, of course, or a keg party in B-dorm, or a movie, or for an adventure, the Rok. Or...there was the road.

...all my New York friends were in the negative, nightmare position of putting down society and giving their tired bookish or political or psychoanalytical reasons, but Dean just raced in society, eager for bread and love...as saith Ecclesiastes, "It's *your portion under the sun."*

I had to get off the Hill. The only question was—where to go? Then the thought struck—I'll go to Lowell, Masachusetts and visit Jack Kerouac's grave.

Kerouac was an American writer in the 1950's and 1960's associated with the Beat Generation (along with poet Allen Ginsberg and others). His book, *On the Road,* immortalized the hitch-hiker, bus-rider and joy-seeker racing acrossAmerica in search of adventure. He grew up in Lowell, had his brief success, and then became an alcoholic and died in 1969, buried in his hometown. The only proper way to make such a pilgramage was Jack's way—on the road.

I called up a friend in Milbank with my crazy idea. Would she go? Yes-yes-yes! She had wanted to get away from the Hill all week. We grabbed some money and a few other essentials and were off, to Lowell, Masachusetts, on a Friday night.

We stuck out thumbs out and got our first ride just outside of Clinton, trying to get to the Thruway. The driver was a young high school kid, Black Sabbath or some such loud, heavy-metal music blaring out of his tape-deck.

"Where do you live?"

"Booneville."

"What do you do in Booneville?"

"Not much. I'd like to get out but I don't have the money. Where are you two headed?"

"Massachusetts"

"MASSACHUSETTS? Wow." The kid's eyes were popping. He let us off at the Thruway exit, but there wasn't a car in sight. It was getting cold, we were getting hungry, so we headed for the Utica bus station. We'll take a bus to Albany, we thought.

> "Let's see your identification. Doug, do you know that hitch-hiking is illegal in this state?" "Hmm, well..." "And there's an armed murderer loose in this county..."

Of course we had to take the taxi to the bus station, which was closed until five in the morning. Our adventure was off to a slow start. But a big pancake breakfast at Uncle Henry's Pancake House in Utica at 3:30 in the morning got the adrenalin flowing. A small amount of non-controlled substance got us through to 5:05, when the bus left for Albany.

Two hours of sleep later, we were in the state capital.

"What the fuck is that thing?"

"I don't know, it looks like a flying saucer. Must be something Rockefeller built." And it was. It was a sunny Saturday morning in Albany and Rockefeller's gigantic state office building complex gleamed in supernatural ecstasy. I bought a Three Musketeers and chomped it down while we looked around, and then we got our thumbs out again. Destination? Route 2 in Massachusetts, which would take us almost all the way to Lowell.

Two rides later we had our run-in with the police.

"Oh, man! man! man!" moaned Dean. "And it's not even the beginning of it—and now here we are at last going east together, we've never gone east together, Sal, think of it, we'll dig Denver together and see what everybody's doing although that matters little to us, the point being that we know what IT is and we know TIME and we know that everything is really FINE."

Everything was not so fine in Petersburg, N.Y. A car had just stopped to pick us up and I had gotten in the back seat when the state police roared up behind us.

"You in the back seat, out of the car!"

My friend and I stood jittery in the sun. Okay, okay, we're not hitch-hikers at all, we're just good college kids, Ham Coll, you know, wouldn't break the law if you...

"Let's see your identification. Okay. Doug, do you know that hitch-hiking is illegal in this state?"

"Hm, well..."

"You're really taking a chance. Not only that, there's an armed murderer loose in this county that we're trying to track down. He sort of fits your description—army fatigue jacket, brown hair."

"Sixteen years old, blew away his aunt a couple of days ago," the other cop added, sunglasses trained on me. "Been all over the papers and TV."

"We'll let you go this time, but be careful."

We jumped in the car, which was full of teenagers, and raced out of there. Jesus, the police. And we're not even in Massachusetts yet! In the front the teenagers were laughing in relief about the pot they had stashed in the glove compartment.

The American police are involved in psychological warfare aginst those Americans who don't frighten them with imposing papers and threats... "Nine lines of crime, one of boredom," said Louis-Ferdinand Celine.

High in the Berkshires, (very high,in fact) we were waiting for that big ride that would take us deep into Massachusetts. It was past noon on Saturday already, the sun was out, and we wanted to get to Lowell before nightfall. It would be hard to find Kerouac's grave in the dark.

We got our ride—our thumbs were working magic. Two post-grads talking collegiate gossip, so-and-so looks like he's made the rugby team, I wouldn't mind seeing her outside of the library, did you ever read this? Which college they were from we never found out, but they took us through Williamstown (home of Williams College—looks like Hamilton minus the Hill) all the way to Orange, Mass. Lowell was about an hour and a half away.

At one point I moaned about life's troubles—how poor my family was, how much I wanted to help Lucille..."Troubles, you see, is the generalization-word for what God exists in. The thing is not to get hung-up. My head rings!" [Dean]cried, clasping his head.

We were shooting for Interstate 495, the big road circling around Boston, connecting Lowell and Lawrence and other outlying towns which are situated along the Concord and the Merrimack Rivers. So far the trip had cost us very little—one bus ride, the pancake breakfast, Burger Kind for lunch. Our next ride was with a carnival owner, sitting in the open back of his pick-up with his brother, a grizzled man with a snowmobile cap and beard.

"See that intersection??" he yelled to us in the breeze in the back of the truck. "Really a bad one. A lot of fatals back there." It was odd to watch the country recede behind me rather than to look at it through a windshield, coming right at me. I looked at my friend. She looked tired.

Jane Gottlieb

Jack Kerouac.

But my heart was starting to pump. The crazy idea of Friday night was almost reality. We were about thirty miles from Lowell, thumbs out along 495, when a big Kenworth diesel pulled over to the side to pick us up.

"Where y'all headed?" said the driver, a dark-skinned man with sun-glasses. His cab was doneup in leather upholstery, and his sleeping quarters were obviously meant for more than one.

"Lowell."

"Lowell, huh. Well I'm a-headedup ta Amesbury, gonna hit the country music joint there. Y'all like country music?"

We nodded ur heads.

"Gonna get me half-a-dozen brown bottles, maybe a few more, and play the jukebox: or whatever they got. Yessir. Y'oughta come up with me. They got some women come up there from Lowell, they'll take back there about three in the morning, no problem."

It sounded inviting, off the beaten track, but we wanted to get to Kerouac's hometown before sundown. I didn't bother explaining the point of our trip to the driver. He had his CB radio going.

"Yeah, this is the Sugar Shack, c'mon."

"Ten-four, Sugar Shack, this is the Iceberg, comin' round the backdoor."

'Yeah, Iceberg, I sure wouldn't want your handle, bit too COLD fer me, c'mon."

Then I noticed that we had gone by the Lowell exit. Damn! This guy wanted us to join him for a good time but we had other plans.

> I expected the ghost of Kerouac to walk up to me

He finally let us off about ten miles past Lowell. We were exhausted and the sun was dropping in the sky.

This madness would lead nowhere. I didn't know what was happening to me, and I suddenly realized it was only the tea that we were smoking; Dean had bought some in New York. It made me think that everything was about to arrive—the moment when you know all and everything is decided forever.

Lowell was a big, ugly, dirty, brown place with old houses packed up against each other and streets which were cracking at the seams. In an oily gas-station I called the newspaper for the whereabouts of Kerouac's grave. Sorry, they couldn't tell me. A check with some local cemeteries gave us the answer. Jack Kerouac, born in 1922, author of *On the Road,* friend of Allen Ginsberg, native son of Lowell, King of the Beats, a shy and lonely man who had turned to alcohol for relief, died in 1969, was buried in Edson Cemetery, near the corner of Lincoln and Third Streets. We wandered over to Pizza Hut for dinner.

The sun had dropped and it was Saturday night in Lowell. I was tired to the bone, we had no plans for sleeping, but we set out along the crumbling sidewalks towards Edson Cemetery. We crossed the Merrimack, oily black in the night, hoping we were going in the right direction.

In Lowell the cemeteries all lie next to each other. Old English Cemetery (Smith, James, Hohnson), St. Patrick's Cemetery (McDonald, O'Leary, Callahan) and, finally, Edson. It was 9:00. The gate was open.

I was only myself, Sal Paradise, sad, strolling in this violet dark, this unbearably sweet night...the raggedy neighborhoods reminded me of Dean and Marylou, who knew these streets so well from childhood. How I wished I could find them.

I expected the ghost of Jack Kerouac to walk up to me through the dark, tree-lined paths of the cemetery any minute. Suddenly the whole trip seemed crazy. We kept walking, looking at the silent gravestones under the stars.

"Doug, this is Lincoln and Third," my friend called to me. We had found the right corner of the right cemetery in the right town. I knew Kerouac's stone was flat in the earth, not upraised. We both started looking, squinting to make out the names, Lowell's dead all around us.

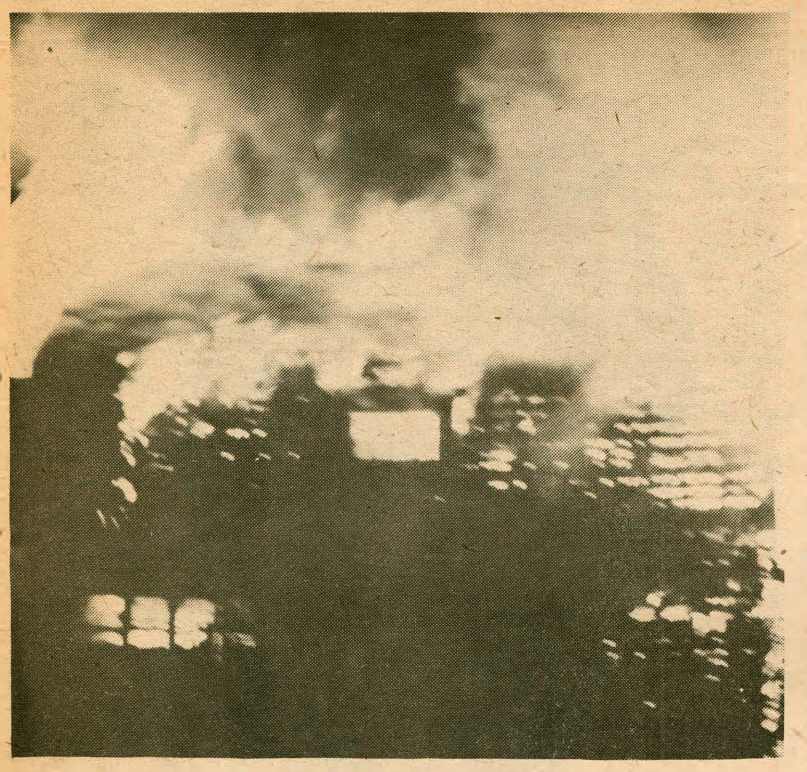
An hour passed. We hadn't found Kerouac's grave. Something said we had to leave. We were both freaking out, peering into these gravestones in this cemetery at night. This was a little crazy. We had to get out of there and resume our real lives.

The long trip back to Hamilton was an exercise in staying awake. We slept in the Boston Greyhound station that night, caught a bus to Albany on Sunday and managed to hitch back to the Hill by Sunday evening. No showers, no beds for two days, we could barely walk anymore. And we had failed in our pilgrimage, we hadn't found the wailing wall.

But it was all worth it. Kerouac's road hadn't let us down.

They danced down the street like dingledodies, and I shambled after as I've been doing all my life after people who interest me, because the only people for me are the mad ones, the ones who are mad to live, mad to talk, mad to be saved, desirous of everything at the same time, the ones who never yawn or say a commonplace thing, but turn, burn, burn like fabulous yellow roman candles exploding...

Fire on the Hill, Lightning in the Air



Fires we have known...

continued from page 1

mented Assistant Chief Michael Stuttard who was to act as my guide for the night.

We were standing on a dark street in Clinton where the drill was to take place by one of the big trucks which holds large reserves of water necessary to deal with fires in more isolated areas where water is scarce ("we need a fast supply until we find another source") in more isolated areas.

By the necessity of hauling around 1,500 gallons of water the trucks have tremendous engines-six cylinders, 800 cc. "One of the biggest gas motors ever made, I believe," said Stuttard.

Down the street, the truck containing hoses had been set up and men worked under the clock to get them going.

The hoses used are powerful enough to release up to 750 gallons per minute and can probably knock a man off his feet at close range.

While novices to the field of firefighting might find the idea of hose-handling as an art amusing, there is a definite touch to it.

In houses, for example, where water damage is a key consideration, firemen wielding hoses use a method the Assistant Chief calls a "fog" to cool down the fire. He pointed to the men down the street as a stream of water became a strong mist. "That way," said Stuttard "the steam puts out the fire, and less property is damaged."

Of course it is the lives of people that is of the utmost concern to Stuttard and the men of the CFD. "When we deal with as house fire," he remarked "the things we worry about the most is saving lives-getting to the home as fast as possible, getting the people out, and making sure they're safe."

The Assistant Chief noted that enough people can be gathered to man the two trucks at the Clinton station within three minutes of the call of distress owing to the fact that many of the firefighters live in close proximity to the station house and other have businesses and stores nearby (several within the town square in fact.)

The fact that many of the county's fire units have developed a Mutual Aid organization by which they can borrow equipment or count on assistance from other units in the case of a really rough disaster is a key to the ease at which the company can handle emergencies.

At this point, two of the Assistant Chief's young sons ran up (he lived on the street as it turned out) and announced a report on the status of men's activities. "Things are all goofy up there," one young boy spoke up, "someone's car is getting all wet."

"You'd better go straighten them out," replied Stuttard. The kids ran off in the direction of the spraying hoses.

I asked Stuttard if his kids were excited about the whole scene of firefighting, riding in the engines, etc.

"They used to be," he laughed "but I think they're almost bored by now."

Stuttard reflected on aspect of firefighting both tragic and humorous. Once on a job at Clark Mills, for example, two children were trapped in an abandoned building and were not found until it was too late. "I guess they were playing with matches." One ran to the bedroom and was found dead, another was found someplace else. "It was an abandoned building and no one knew anyone was there," he said. His voice was sad, but touched with the acknowledgement of the realities of the business.

On a more humorous note, the CFD once got a call from a woman who claimed she was hearing funny noises inside her house and wanted the firemen to investigate. "It turned out." Stuttard recalled "her little son hadn't wanted to go to school that day and had crawled up in the attic to hide." The child became trapped and the department had to cut a hole in the wall of the house to get the boy out.

Next on the agenda was a tour of the fire tower where the men train under as realistic conditions as possible to combat the biggies and practice rescuing people. The windows to the tower are shut tight to ensure that the air inside is as smoke-filled as the real thing. "We don't make things easy for the guys," Stuttard commented.

Returning to the site of the drill we found the men packing up their equipment for the trip home to Clinton station.

"Where'll you guys go-out for a beer?" questioned one of the firemen good naturedly.

"No, maybe we'll do that later," Stuttard replied.

"Later" turned out to mean several minutes later and I soon found myself back at the station house's basement lounge, a congenial and pleasant drinking establishment with a 25 cent beer machine and an endless supply of popcorn. A genuinely nice place to unwind after a day on the force.

"We mostly come here to get away from our wives," said one fireman with a grin.

As the first of several beers was uncapped, I talked to Stuttard and Village Trustee Dick Williams (known to all as the "Fire Commissioner.")

"I guess we're sort of like any organization," commented Stuttard "with a good combination of old-timers and rookies." Men of the force come from all walks of life-electricians, teachers, newspaper men, the Mayor, etc.

"Sometimes its fun but for me its mostly something to do," continued the Assistant Chief. "There are a lot of organizations to join but I asked myself 'What do they really do?'," he reflected. "I decided if you're in an organization you might as well do something to help someone."

Williams, a reporter himself for the Courier when he isn't teaching school, noted the diverse nature of the people in the fire department helped the department keep its budget down, since the men themselves can take care of such things as maintenance of the station and the engines.

The CFD operates on a budget of about $50,000 from the Town Budget and several more thousand from annual fund-raising drives. With such tight funds, the importance of diversity of men and talent is unquestionable.

Several Black Labels later the conversation drifted to anecdotes and stories about the CFD's encounters with the college. One favorite story among the men concerned a certain college Provost named Sidney Wertimer, who has served on the volunteer force for many years. A fireman recalled, "One night we had a fire down by Brownies Rug Store by the Clinton Arena and Sid Wertimer came by on alert." The present Provost then proceeded to climb up onto the roof to help his fellow volunteers. Alas, "he was wearing Weejun loafers and the roof was wet and slick." The unfortunate man fell "and injured himself for quite a while I recall."

Actually a fair number of firemen have been recruited for the force from the Hill including numerous student, Professor David Locke and Coach Eric MacDonald, as well as Mr. Wertimer.

Volunteers must spend their first year on the force taking an established course in the basics of firefighting from the state and eventually acquire through drills and tests the knowhow necessary to become an effective firefighter.

The fire at the College Barn on College Hill road last week was officially designated "of suspicious origin." However, investigation of the fire has been seriously hampered because of the guard strike at New York state prisons. Acording to Dean of Student Affairs, R. Gordon Bingham, all available local sherriffs and state police have been sent to Marcy State Psychiatric Center. No significant investigation, then, has been undertaken as a result of the strike.

While Williams noted that the membership is already quite full, he still maintained that anyone interested in helping out should inquire more about the job. "Encourage people, but don't make it sound like I'm recruiting," he said with a smile.

Finally the night was over. After bidding farewell to the band of firefighters, I made the long trek up the Hill. No doubt about it, it was an interesting ride with the men of the CFD. Later on, in my room, I wondered to myself if this was how George Plimpton got started.

and loved.

The Spectator has in its possession a very sophisticated typesetting machine, a Compugraphic Editwriter 7500. We are presently looking for an individual to run this machine for next year. He or she must be willing to work very late into the night on Thursday nights.

We will train anyone to use this machine. You must type at least 50 words per minute. Working for us on this machine will provide an added income for you every week. If you think you are at all interested in this position, contact Philip Ruppel at x7101.

PLATFORM TENNIS TOURNEY

Second Annual Mixed Doubles Platform Tennis Tournament sponsored by the Free School on Saturday, May 5th and Sunday, May 6th from 9 to 4. Registration deadline: May 2nd at 3:00 p.m.. Sign up in the Alumni Gym or call Mrs. Richardson at x 4114.

FILM BUFFS

If the thought of running a film society appeals to you drop a note (one sentence or less plus your name) to Andrew Mitchel, c/o Campus Mail. Positions are opening now for next year's officers.

BLOODMOBILE

A Bloodmobile will be held on Wednesday, May 2, 1979 at the Bristol Campus Center.

The goal is 170 pints. We need your help.

There will be students available in Bristol, McEwen and Commons on Friday, April 27 and Monday, April 30, from 11:30 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. and 5:30 p.m. to 6:30 p.m. and on Tuesday, May from 5:30 p.m. to 6:30 p.m. to sign up volunteer workers and donors.

TOUR GUIDES

All students interested in being Tour Guides in the Fall of 1979 should fill out information sheets available in the Admissions Office by May 1. Interviews will be conducted during the last week of classes.

ABC TUTORS

The ABC Program, located at 99 Campus Rd, will be looking for Resident Tutors for Fall Term, 1979. Interested students should contact Bill Martin or Jim Doyle at the house, or by phone, 853-6266, by May 1.

the notes

FASHION SHOW

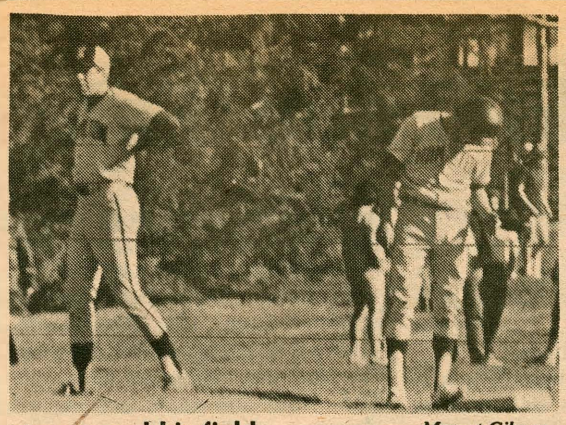
ABC Benefit Fashion Show on Sunday, April 29th at 5 p.m. in Bundy Dining Hall. Champagne, Dinner Fashions $3.50 for Adults, and $2.00 for children. See KC in a bathing suit.

OLD CLOTHES NEEDED

Clothes don't fit? Don't like them any more? You don't want to *give 'em* away but they're crowding up your closet? If you have clothes that you'd like to get rid of for money, please call x4193 or x4517 or stop by Babbitt Dorm, Suite 16e—ask for Carol. Trying to start campus thrift shop for the Folk Festival and thereafter if possible. Interested in helping out? Please call.

OPEN MIKE

Anyone who wants to play at the FolkFestival open mike should contact Mike Graven, x4350, as soon as possible.



Royce and his field *Margot Gilman*

Field Named for Royce

Hamilton's varsity baseball field will be renamed "Steven W. Royce Field" on Saturday, May 5, in honor of the only Hamilton graduate to ever play major-league baseball.

The official dedication ceremonies to begin at 1 p.m. at the field, will precede the regularly scheduled doubleheader between Hamilton and Rochester Institute of Technology. A plaque in honor of Royce will be placed on permanent display adjacent to the field. The memorial was made possible by a $50,000 gift from DeWitt Wallace, Royce's longtime friend and founder of *Reader's Digest.*

Royce, who died in 1977, will be represented by his son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Royce of Rancho Santa Fe, California.

Born in Liberty, N.Y., Royce graduated in 1914 from Hamilton, where he was a member of Pentagon, Honor Court, Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity, the English Literature Club, Y.M.C.A. Cabinet, the General Assocation Executive council, the Charlatans dramatic group, president of his class and captain of the baseball beam. An outstanding college pitcher, Royce once struck out 20 and 21 batters in successive starts.

Upon graduation from college, Royce received a telegram from John McGraw, then manager of the New York Giants and among the most lionized figures in baseball history. The telegram offered Royce $2;000 for the balance of the season and a chance to play for New York, which he did during the 1914 season, a year made memorable by the Boston Braves' amazing comeback from also-ran status in mid-July to win the National League pennant.

Realizing, however, that baseball was interfering with his studies at New York Law School (he had accepted the baseball contract largely to defray law school expenses), Royce declined a second year with McGraw's Giants, and ultimately received his law degree in 1917. The New York Bar admitted him in that year and the California Bar—after Royce moved to the West Coast—followed suit in 1920.

Finding that California had a surplus of lawyers, in 1921 Royce bought an interest in a Pasadena hotel, the Vista del Arroyo, which he sold in 1924. That same year he bought an interest in the Huntington Hotel, also in Pasadena, of which he was president until his death. In succeeding years Royce expanded his domain, becoming managing director and/or president of a number of hotels, among them the Pasadena-Sheraton Corporation and the nationally-noted Inn, in Rancho Santa Fe. California.

A former Hamilton trustee, member of the board of directors of the Stanford Research Institute, member of the Pasadena Tournament of Roses Assocation, Royce was also among the first to arouse communities aross the nation regarding the danger of air pollution, alerting Southern California almost single-handedly to the perils of smog, and personally financed the first committee of inquiry into that still-pressing problem.'

A Lexicon of Hamilton "Jargonification"

by Lou DiCerbo

Webster's Dictionary defines "jargon" as "strange, outlandish, or barbarous language or dialect." A newcomer to the Hill might conclude that campus jargon is "strange" or "barbarous," but Hamilton slang does serve several functions.

First, it is a form of verbal shorthand. Whole emotions or moods can be expressed in words such as "serious" or "bold." Second jargon tends to identify or unify members of a certain group, fratmen for instance. Third, jargon enlivens bland, utilitarian sentences that are used from day to day. It seems more interesting to say "Let's make a move" that simply "Let's go." The following is a fairly good sample of slang used on campus, although it is certainly not exhaustive. Well, here it goes...

Words for "good":

serious: implies a sense of unparallelled excellence (e.g. "a serious Santana album")

Bold: a Psi-U.-ism (e.g. "bold tunes")

excellent: overused adjective that has general campus usage

key: used with intensifier, "key to life"; attributable to Chi Psi

decent: used from Portland, Maine to Portland Oregon

good call: means a good idea

groovy: '60's expression that may be making a comeback, or so its proponents say

nice: standard, pan-campus usage

sweet: used when the situation is especially good (e.g. "That A on my Orgo exam was sweet")

wicked: this reporter first heard this expression in fifth grade, and thought it died out in 1971; he was mistaken

intense: denotes a situation or object that is especially good (e.g. "That was an intense Springsteeen concert!")

primo: this is a favorite among those who do not know a foreign language, but wish they did; it is supposed to convey suaveness and sophistication

Words for "bad," "untrue," etc.:

bogus: usually arituclated with a nasal "o" sound; denotes phoniness or falseness

bad call: opposite of "*good call*"

brutal: can be used as verb (e.g. "I got brutalized on that exam") or adjective (e.g. "He/She has a brutal face")

beat: specifically means overused, as in, " 'Beat' is a beat adjective"

false: means untrue; usually used in a loud tone of voice, and always as a one word response to a statement

hurting: an unimaginably low state of existence, or at least repulsive; variations: *hurt dance, hurt patrol*

Words for "Let's go":

let's modulate: probably originated either with physics majors or those who remember their SAT vocabulary words

let's make a move: popular among the "in crowd" on the Hill; stolen from Black English

vamoose: the origins of this word are unclear; can possibly be found in old Western films of the "Hopalong Cassidy" genre

cruise: a rather old piece of jargon; as far as anyone can tell, it could have originated among especially preppy colonists in sixteenth-century Jamestown

roll: refers specifically to Hamilton men visiting other colleges, especially women's colleges (e.g. "roll to Skidmore, Smith, Wells," etc.)

Words for "marijuana":

pot: even the National Review uses this one

reef: short for "reefer"

drugs: as in, "You wanna smoke some drugs?"

herb: used by afficionados, this expression was used by none other than the late Jimmi Hendrix

weed: this word dates back to the Jazz Age

doob: as in, "to do a doob"; rather uncommon

Words of insult:

tool: probably native to Hamilton; originally referred to a person who was abused by others; now refers to any sort of disliked person; one of the most common words on the Hill

grind: compulsive studier; interchangable with *booker*

hurtin' buckeroo: anyone who is "hurting"; can also be heard at Colgate and U. of Rochester

Kirkie: anyone who attended Kirkland; more specifically, a stereotyped Kirkland student; made up by Hamiltons of a bygone era

Bundy-ite: anyone who lives in Bundy eats there, rarely leaves the Bundy quad, and actually likes it that way

frat rat: used by women and independents

Words for "goodbye":

ten-four: a CB expression, which has never lost its quaint, redneck charm

Margot Gilman

later: very common phrase; in vogue among all college students

catch ya in a few, catch ya on the rebound: becoming increasingly popular

Potpourri:

in there: refers to a good situation, and implies that the speaker is right in the middle of things

nice piece of work: used sarcastically to refer to a *faux pas* or accident

tunes: means music that is loudly emitted from a stereo; for first-hand experience, stand in the main quad on a warm sunny day

'gate: Hamiltonian word for the infamous Colgate University

Uterus: esoteric word for Utica, the city we all know and love

hit the boulevard: a convenient way of saying "get the hell out of here"

do some: for example, "do some beers" or "do some drugs"

booking: a universal expression for what supposedly goes on in the library

libes, brar: expressions for "library" that utilize the first and last syllables of that word

weirded out: a Dunham way of saying that something is broken, or a reference to a person who is over the edge

hometown honey: a girlfriend/boyfriend from home; sounds like a line from "Pigskin Parade" or "Bonzo Goes to College"

do it up, go for it: unless you have lived most of your life in Mongolia, you probably already know what these two phrases mean; "go for it" is the more popular of the two, even to the extent of being found on certain t "cute" posters

flight deck: the third floor of Dunham; when this dorm was all-male, it was a sight to behold, and "flight deck" residents were in the professional class of partiers

the joint: means a good situation or object, or a place where everyone hangs out, especially a dorm room (e.g. "We have the joint here in XYZ dormitory")

rant: to verbally abuse someone; similar to "rave"

got it scoped: to understand the situation

Rocks for Jocks: the Earth Resources course taught by the Geology Department

Physics for Poets: Physicist's View of Nature; offering of the Physics Department; Princeton actually has a course that goes by this title. As one can guess, the two courses named above are for non-majors

-age, -ication: suffixes pickedup from "governmentese" (i.e. the official jargon of Washington bureaucrats)

'tator: a clique-ish name for this weekly tabloid

serious: this word has two meanings; this one is used to show agreement with what another person said (e.g. "Yeah, serious")

really: similar to the above meaning of "serious"

goof on: similar to "rant"

the 'land: an old expression for the Kirkland campus

brew'n'tunes: the most common type of party on the Hill; sounds like an item from the menu of a Howard Johnson's in Troy

Well, there you have it, a representative (albeit incomplete) offering of Hamilton College's "jargonage." It's key to string all of these excellent words and phrases into some really serious sentences. *Don't* strive for profundity or meaning, since that would be really hurting; the joint is to *sound* stylishly intense. Furthermore, be sure your slangification is current. There is nothing more bogus than some tool when insists on using bet jargon, such as "cool" or "super." Listen to what others are saying before your decide to do it up, or else you will probably be told the hit the boulevard, and will be labelled as a hurting buckaroo for the rest of your college career. With this in mind, people: GO FOR IT. Later.

Ma Wilson: Old Time Tale

by Molly Reading

Hamilton is an institution with quite a history behind it. In most cases, institutions of different feathers often tend to flock together. And in Clinton, New York, this is as true as ever. In fact, an institution as strong and durable as Hamilton lives on Norton Avenue. That institution is Ma Wilson, "grandma," as she prefers to be called.

Ma Wilson has her house stocked full of used clothes, handmade quilts, antique furniture, and many other interesting items, and sells everything "nice and cheap." When asked, "how do you price items," Grandma leaned back in her old chair and smilingly answered, "since all the clothes I receive have already had one life, I usually just attach one price to items, like blouses sell for $1.00, wool sweaters sell for $1.00, dresses generally cost $2.00 and formal wear runs from $4.00 to 5.00.

Grandma is full of old tales and she is constantly digging up history in all of her old chests. She says, "Why I could write a book of history on all the things I've found in that old green trunk I've been exploring this past month. Such funny things have happened that I never knew at all."

Grandma shared some of her latest discoveries with me during my first visit. She had just uncovered her grandmother's diary last week and learned that George Washington had once fallen sick during the Battle of Oriskany at their farm. Her grandmother had some type of indian medicine which quickly cured President Washington. The bed which Ma Wilson now sleeps in was the very one that George Washington recovered from his illness in.

Throughout our talk Grandma pulled out old relics and antiques from every nook and cranny. She proudly displayed her mother's handiwork and an antique dress which her grandmother had once worn. She said that she hopes to keep some special family relics so she can make chests for her son and his family some day.

Grandma repeatedly said how dearly she loved the girls on the Hill. She sold a whole set of hand-painted China dishes to a Kirkland graduate who was planning to get married. Grandma talked of one couple, a Hamilton graduate and a Kirkland graduate who had married, and bought a quilt for their bed from her, how the young woman is pregnant and has written to Grandma asking her to make some special baby clothes.

In talking of her family, Ma Wilson, explained that her mother had seen the world. She had travelled to Europe and all about. Grandma confessed that she'd never been more than 100 miles from Clinton. She was born and raised in the large white house just below her house now and her father and grandfather farmed on the surrounding land.

She met her husband through her Aunt Minnie. Frank Wilson, was 20 years older than Grandma, but "that made no difference." She beamed as she spoke of her husband, "he was a marvel of a man; he was very good to me and everything that I ever wanted."

Grandma claims that Samuel Kirkland came to the Clinton area when her grandfather did. She said that she was real young when she had her first recollection of Hamilton College life and she laughingly says, "You'd never believe what was pulled off at the College then." Grandma's advice to college students now is "you put so much time and money into and education that you should use it. Look at the state of our country now... it's just terrible. Sometimes I wonder if God is punishing us. We need young people to set us on our feet again."

Granda Wilson turned 82 years old this past January, and although she claims to be "feeling her age these days," she sometimes wonders if young women do as much as she does each day and if they feel as tired as she does."

Grandma welcomes college students to stop in and browse around and buy if they like or just stop for a talk. She's really friendly, and may talk your ear off with all her tales and discoveries. She has a friendly dog named Bumpkins, and a cat which just recently brought home kittens. Grandma is a little hard of hearing so speak loud and spend a Spring afternoon in an inspirational way. You'll learn to appreciate all of life's twists and funny happenings as Grandma Wilson does!

Admissions Stats

by Ward Lassoe

"Admissions this year were definitely tougher and more competitive than in previous years," stated Chris Covert, dean of admissions. "This was due to a rise in the number of applicants as well as an increase in the quality and strength of the applicants."

2645 students applied for admission which shows a jump of 268 over last year's number. 1080 of them were offered admission and 279 were placed on the waiting list. Of those who were accepted, 587 were men, and 493 were women.

In terms of the qualifications of those who were offered admission, 80% of the men and 86% of the women stood in the top fifth of their class. The average test scores were 588 verbal and 635 math for the men and 598 verbal and 601 math for the women.

Cheeseburger In Paradise Dept.

You're stranded on a desert island, or a Bundy single, for a weekend. It's just you, your Radio Shack special, four albums, and a single. Which four plus one do you pick?

Editor-in-Chief: Piece de Resistance (bootleg)—Bruce Springsteen
Four Way Street—CSN and Y
Armed Forces—Elvis Costello
Young, Loud and Snotty—Dead Boys
45: White Christmas, Bing Crosby

Managing Editor, Endwell:
Woodstock, Volume One
Live at Albert Hall (bootleg)—Bob Dylan
Zuma—Neil Young
The Baroque Beatles Book
45: God Save the Queen—Sex Pistols

Managing Editor, Westhampton and friend:
Born to Run—Bruce Springsteen
Piece de Resistance— Springsteen
Grand Illusion—Styx
Best of Simon and Garfunkel, Paul and Artie
45: Piano Man—Billy Joel

Business Manager:
Not in the country when survey was taken
News Editor:
Only owns two albums
Sports Editor:
Abbey Road—Beatles
Eat a Peach—Allman Brothers
Turnstiles—Billy Joel
Sgt. Pepper's,—Fab Four
45: Truckin'—Grateful Dead

Arts Editor:
New Morning—Bob Zimmerman
The Girl From Ipanema—Antonio Carlos Jobim
Triplets—Danny Kaye
South Pacific—show music
Ain't Misbehavin' (she didn't understand the rules here)
Photography Editors:
Out tour at time of the survey
Features Editor, Chi Psi Division:
Hot Rocks—Rolling Stones
Anthology No. 2—Beatles
Every Picture Tells a Story—Rod Stewart
Who's Next—Who
45: Because the Night—Gilda Radner
Copy Editor:
Still playing Disney singles
Editorial Pages Editor:
Theme from Lost in Space—Billy Mummy
Typesetting Manager:
Four Way St.—CSN and Y
Dreamboat Annie—Heart
Fleetwood Mac—Fleetwood Mac
Godspell (divine inspiration)
45: Stairway to Heaven—Led Zep
Arts Assistant
Bringing It back Alive—Outlaws
Greatest Hits—America
Sgt. Pepper's—Beatles
A Chorus Line
45: Free Bird—Lynard Skynard
Advertising Manager:
Tone deaf
News staffer, Schenectedy:
Santana—Carlos Santana
History of Eric Clapton—Jimi Hendrix
Smithsonian Collection of Ancient Jazz—many people
Rites of Spring, Stravinsky and the Mysterians
45: Purple Haze—Jimi Hendrix

Jane Goittlieb

Hangover Advice

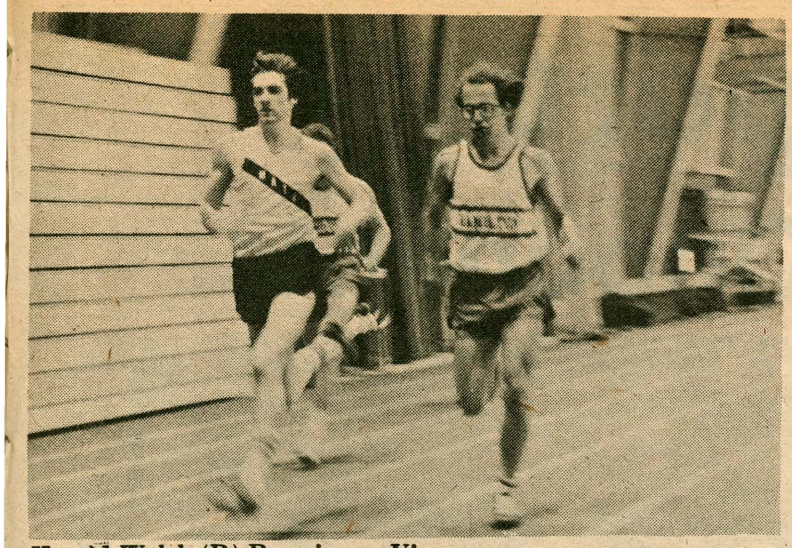
by Philip Ruppel

"Oh my God," I muttered to myself, rolling over in bed. "I've got the *worst* hangover. That last drink. Why did I ever do it?"

Remind you of something? Have you ever woken up feeling like this? We at the Spectator sure have. Therefore, as a public service to our readers, we have asked a select group of people what they recommend for that miserable morning after. Our quest for the ultimate cure for a hangover brought us these responses:

Professor of English Fred Wagner: "I've never had one in my life."
Stan the Security Guard: "Cut the head off."
The Campus Operator: "Sleep. That's the best."
Professor of Philosophy Russell Blackwood: "I wouldn't know."
Professor of Swimming Eric MacDonald: "There is no cure. Go out and jog. Then have a sauna."
WHCL Disc jockey: "Take an aspirin before you start drinking."
Someone in Bundy, New York who answered the centrex phone: "You're asking the wrong person."
His roommate: "Drink water. That helps. Soak your head, pop lots of aspirin. Drink some more liquor."
A Psi U member: "Three bongs."
Former editor of the Spectator Kathy Hecht: "Abstinence. Just throw up, then you'll feel better, right? Why do you want to know this, Philip?"
Dr. Rizika: (He wished to be asked: How do you treat a hangover?) "Carefully. I would recommend sleeping through the whole affair."
A lady who wished to remain unidentified: "Never get drunk or never stop drinking."
Professor of English Austin Briggs: "Suicide."
Librarian Keith Washburn: "Don't do anything that causes one."
Margie: "I throw up. Then go to sleep."
Director of Personnel William Jamison: "Sleep."
Associate Director of Publications Roy Schecter: "I suffer. I stay in bed and suffer."
A member of Delta Phi: "Don't take Alka Seltzer. Take two aspirins, one vitamin and a pint of water."
Sallie at Bristol: "Have a watered-down drink of what you had the night before."
Darlene our typist: "Why? Are you hungover? Drink twice as much water the night before. But I don't kow, I never get hangovers. Hmmm. Yes, I have. I slept."
Someone at DKE: "Bloody Mary in the morning with an egg in it. Keep on taking it till your hangover goes away."
Provost Sidney Wertimer: "I have no idea. I've never had one."
President of the Student Assembly Molly Murdoch: "Drink Bloody Marys."
Molly's friend: "Keep drinking."

Men's Track Excells



Harold Welch (R) Running to Victory *David Whitney*

by Laurie Jacobs

Hamilton's men's varisty track team proved itself worthy of much praise last Sunday in the New England Small College Athletic Conference (NESCAC) meet, competing against the 10 other conference teams. Although the meet, held at the University of Masachusetts, was only for individual championships, not team competition, only two teams out of the 10 had better overall scores than the Continentals.

Highlighting the day were Bob Paige, Harold Welch, and Tom Jasinski. Paige won the 800-meter run with a time of 56.3 seconds, a personal best and a meet record. Welch set school and meet records by taking first place in the 400-meter intermediate hurdles, with a time of 54.7 seconds. His time was only a tenth of a second from qualifying for the Nationals. Jasinski also set a meet record and tied his personal best by coming in first place in the shot put, throwing 50' 8''. He came within 4 inches of qualifying for the Nationals. Jasinski also took third in the discus, throwing 133' 8''.

Many other trackmen excelled in their events of the day. Dave McGowan came in second in the 800-meter with a time of 1:56.7, a personal best. In the 3000-meter steeple chase, Doug Rose took third place with a time of 9:35, only 9 seconds short of qualifying for the Nationals. Andy Nill placed seventh with a time of 10:05, only five seconds from qualifying for the State Championships. Ricky Mobley finished third in the 100-meter with 11.2 seconds, and third in the 200-meter with 23.4 seconds. Bryan DiMiceli placed second in the 200-meter with a time of 23.2 seconds. John Mitchell took sixth in the 10,000-meter with a time of 34:36.

Relays Impressive

In the relays, the 440-yard relay team, comprised of DiMiceli, Welch, Mobley, and Billy Romaine, took second place with a 43.6 second time. They were only a tenth of a second off the school record. The Continental mile relay team, made up of Paige, Welch, McGowan, and Romaine, also took second with a time of 3:25.7.

Coach Joe Kacevich was more than pleased with the results of Sunday's meet. He said it was the best day the varisty track team has had in a long time. He is very optimistic about this year's team, and said that their outlook is very good. ''Everyone is working very hard, doing more than I am asking.''

Blue Upsets Union

On Wednesday, the trackmen topped favored Union College, 83½ to 69½. Many outstanding performances highlighted the win over Union, who finished third in last month's state meet.

Leading the way was Billy Romaine. Romaine turned in another fine all-around performance by winning the long jump and the 440 intermediate hurdles and taking third in the pole vault and high jump. Romaine also anchored the victorious mile relay team.

Dave McGowan, Bob Paige and Doug Rose also turned in their usual fine performances. McGowan and Paige finished first and second in the half mile, although their times were not as good as on Sunday, and Rose won the 3-mile run.

Bunt Excells

The surprise of the meet, according to Kacevich, was the performance of Clayton Bunt. Bunt recorded a personal best in the shot put (41' 4'') while capturing second place, and finished third in the discus. In addition, Bunt completed for the first time in the hammer throw, and won the event with a heave of 93' 4''.

Other fine performances included second place finishes by Art Comolli in the 440-yard dash, John Mitchell in the 3 mile run, Harold Welch in the 440 intermediate hurdles and Pete Averill in the pole vault (with a personal best of 11' 6'').

Kacevich noted that it was Hamilton's first victory over Union in recent memory. This week the trackmen face Colgate at home. Kacevich considers Colgate to be Hamilton's biggest obstacle to an undefeated season.

Women's Lax Split

Women's Lacrosse Team Battle Hartwick *Dave Whitney*

by Nancy Sackett

Hamilton's women's lacrosse team split a pair of games this week, beating Colgate 10-3 on Monday and losing to Hartwick 13-5 on Tuesday.

Coach Sue Spencer attributes Monday's impressive victory to an ''outstanding team effort.'' She cited the defensive play as ''superb'' and the offensive attack as ''very well balanced,'' with five Hamilton players scoring. Laura Broaddus led the team in scoring with four goals, Megan Crowley and Alice Trumper added two each, and Jane Thurber and Sue Brauer each put in one goal toward the victory.

The women came out playing strongly against Hartwick in Tuesday's heat, scoring all five of their goals in the first half to Hartwick's three. The women were, however struggling near the end of the first half and played poorly in the second half. Coach Spencer attributes the weak second half performance to a number of things: ''Our passing and teamwork failed us, and the team was very tired from the previous day. Hartwick capitalized on our multitude of errors and fatigue went on to win.'' The team's scoring was again led by Laura Broaddus and Megan Crowley with two goals each and Alice Trumper added the fifth.

The team will travel to Russell Sage and Union this weekend and is ''hoping for a double win.'' The women now have a 2-2 record.

Ruggers Crush Colgate

by Tom King

The rapidly-improving Rugby club turned in someimpressiveperformances this past week. On Saturday the ''B'' squad opened the action at the Colgate-Budweiser Invitational Tournament with a convincing 23-9 victory over Colgate. the scoring onslaught was led by Paul Aceto, Scott Bartlett, Ralph Hickman, and Rick Kienle.

The ''A'' side then met a young Vassar team and came away with an equally impressive 22-7 victory. Chris Casey, Mark Annunziata, Damien Slattery, Tony Levitan, and Bob Guth all scored tries in the potent Hamilton attack. Colgate ''A'' outlasted Cornell 14-10 in the other semifinal match, so Colgate and Hamilton squared off in the championship match. It was a very physical game, characterized by hard-nosed running and tackling by both sides. A Colgate prop-forward picked up a loose ball and rambled in to give Colgate an early 4-0 lead. Slattery's penalty kick later in the half was the only Hamilton score, and the Hamilton ruggers lost the title match 4-3.

The bitter taste of defeat was not to remain with the Hamilton ruggers for long, however. On Hamilton's home pitch Wednesday afternoon, the ''A''s got their revenge over Colgate by a score of 14-4. A try by Chris Casey and two penalty kicks by Slattery put Hamilton up 10-0 at the half; scrum-half Tony Levitan added to that margin by outhustling the tired Colgate ruggers late in the second half. The rubber match of the series with Colgate will be next Wednesday at Colgate. Before the rivalry is resumed, however, the Hamilton squad will face an experienced Lynwood (Ontario) Rugby Football Club this Saturday afternoon on the Hamilton pitch. All are invited to come out and see for yourselves what rugby football's all about.

This is the first of a two part series, reprinted from the program of the 1978 George Washington Invitational Rugby Tournament, on the rules of Rugby.

The Game of Rugby

Rugby Football, popularly called Rugger, is one of the world's most popular sports. It's much more a ''participant'' sport than its North American adaptions, Canadian and American football, because players of all shapes and sizes can enjoy the game. There is less risk of injury, and the equipment needed is minimal. The game takes its name from the well-known English school, Rugby, where it all started in 1823.

Rugby is fast and exciting, but for a spectator who is new to the game the rules may be rather confusing at first. Even the fan who has not played or watched rugger for some time may have difficulty in following the finer points of the game as a number of rules have been changed in recent years to open up the play. For instance in the past few seasons, there have been changes in rules dealing with kicking for touch, knock-ons and even scoring.

Hopefully, the following points will add to your understanding and enjoyment of the game.

The Players and the Field

Each team has 15 players—8 forwards and 7 backs. The field is approximately the same size as the football field. There is only one referee, assisted by two Touch Judges on the sidelines.

How Rugby differs from Football

To a new fan there are several basic differences to keep in mind between Rugby and football...

1. *Neither side ever has undisputed possession of the ball,* unless a free kick or penalty kick is called, Since you're never sure which team will come out of a play with possession, little use can be made of planned plays by comparison to Football. So it's a game of fast-thinking and constant improvisation.
2. *Forward passing is not allowed.* You can gain ground only by running with the ball or kicking it, so you'll find there's a lot more kicking than in Canadian football. The kicker is not protected by blockers, so he has to learn to kick fast and on the run. At one time it was common to gain ground by kicking the ball out of play or ''kicking for touch.'' Now a team can kick directly into touch to gain ground only if the kicker is within the team's own 25 yard line.
3. *A tackle does not end a play,* so the action is more continuous.
4. *There are no offensive or defensive squads.* The same 15 players go all the way in regular games. In some special games substitution is allowed for injury. It's a great test of stamina.
5. *The shoulder-to-shoulder shoving* in Rugby is a real test of strength, but there is usually not the violent bodily contact of its North American cousins, so little protective padding is worn.
6. *The game has two halves* of 40 minutes, but no ''quarters.''
7. *The ball* is oval, but larger and heavier than a football.

Hamilton Wins

by Bob Doig

Every season the snow takes its toll on the tennis team and allows them little practice before spring matches. The fieldhouse has answered the netmen's hopes; they have practiced indoors steadily since March, grooving their groundstrokes, sharpening their vollies, and working on double's strategy. The result, a solid team.

Capitalizing on unforced errors, the team swept all matches against Utica College last Saturday with a score of 9-0. Donning a Red Sox baseball cap, number-one player Frank Teitje, got off to a slow start. However, he regained composure and began cracking two-handed backhand winners and defeated his opponent 6-3, 6-1. Outplaying his opponent with deep, well placed shots, number two player John Phillips won easily 6-1,6-3.

Depth is Key

Perhaps the team's strongest asset is its depth. Three freshmen, Bob Oberrender, Louis Murillo, and Peter Bernard, play aggressive tennis. Punching crisp vollies and smashing overpowering serves, the players crushed their Utica opponents in straight set victories.

Coming off a long hockey season, captain Greg Dennin is just reaching his form. After losing the first set 7-5 in the Utica match, Dennin, a tough competitor, fought back to win the next two sets.

The team plays Union College this Saturday. The Flying Dutchmen narrowly defeated the Continentals last season. 5-4.

Lou Bucceri (R) and John Anastos Prepare for Line-out vs. Colgate *Margot Gilman*

Spectator Sports

Laxmen Crush Two Opponents

by Jeremy Greshin

After an action-packed week of lacrosse, the Continentals have raised their record to 3-2, easily defeating Eisenhower (15-3) and Potsdam (14-5) and losing to Rochester (9-7). How the Continentals fared depended on two factors: the ability to put most of their shots on goal and the ability to effectively clear the ball after foiling opponent's offensive threats.

On Saturday, since Hamilton performed poorly in both categories, Rochester was able to upset the Blue. Though the Continentals controlled the game, only 27 of their 50 shots were on goal. Hamilton managed to outplay Rochester in every statistical category, except the one that counts—goals scored.

Hamilton jumped out to an early 3-2 lead in the first period. Rochester retaliated with four goals in the second quarter to go ahead at the half, 6-4. Rochester then scored twice in the opening minutes of the third period to seal their victory. Final score: Rochester 9, Hamilton 7. John O'Brian led the Blue offense with two goals.

The rest of the week was much more favorable for the Blue. On Monday, the Continentals returned for their home opener. A large Hamilton crowd saw their team have a field day against an inexperienced Eisenhower squad. Hamilton dominated the contest from the start. At 8:22 in the first period, Steve Sands bounced a shot in from ten feet on an assist from Tim Brown. Five minutes later, a perfect pass from John O'Brian to John Hewko resulted in Hamilton's second, and final, goal of the period.

Midfielder Bob Gilson won the opening face-off for the second period. A quick pass to goal-bound Hewko gave the Continentals their third goal, just eight seconds later.

Gilson then beat three Eisenhower defensemen and the goalie for an unassisted goal. Eisenhower managed its only goal of the half ten minutes later. Hamilton quickly retaliated and ended the half with a comfortable 5-1 lead.

The Continentals scored five goals in each of the remaining periods to conclude the contest. Tim Brown picked up his second goal on a pass from John O'Brian in the opening seconds of period three. O'Brian then beat the Eisenhower goalie on an unassisted score. Will Beebe and Gilson netted unassisted goals and a Steve Sands pass to Tim Graves gave Hamilton a nine goal margin at the end of the third period.

Midway through the fourth period O'Brian picked up his second goal and fourth point of the contest on an assist from midfielder Greg White. Midfielders Joe Finnerty, Joe Zielinski, Graves and co-captain Marc White concluded the Hamilton onslaught. Final score: Hamilton 15, Eisenhower 3.

On offense, the Continentals were able to put a much higher percentage of shots on goal. Coach von Schiller estimated that 80 percent of the Hamilton shots were on goal, as opposed to about 50 percent in the Rochester game.

While the offense played extremely well, von Schiller was also pleased with the defense. Defensemen Mark Davitt, Lou Massa, Steve Gaines, and Doug Slomka allowed Eisenhower only three shots on goal. In the 60 minutes of playing time, Eisenhower attackmen were able to control the ball for less than 20 minutes. In the nets, goalies Ken Howe and Bob Ballou held Eisenhower to only three goals, the lowest number of goals against Hamilton so far this season.

The only unfortunate occurence at the Eisenhower game was the injury co-captain John Hewko. Hewko suffered a pulled hamstring in the second half. He will be out for the next four games. While Hewko was sidelined with his injury, crease defenseman Jon Hind will be returning from a broken leg.

The third contest of the week was at Potsdam on Wednesday. Though the 14-5 final score was lopsided, it was not until the second half that Hamilton took control. Potsdam dominated the first period, taking a 1-0 lead. The Continentals returned in the second period to score four goals and capture the lead at the half, 4-3. John O'Brian netted three goals in a row in the Hamilton comeback.

The third period was one of the best Hamilton efforts thus far this season. Once again, Gilson won the face-off, this time passing to Joe Finnerty, who scored with only eight seconds gone in the period. Hamilton went on to score five more goals within the next 12 minutes of play, including unassisted efforts by Sands, Gilson and Greg White. The defense was also in top form inthe third period, holding the Potsdam offense scoreless. In the fourth period, Hamiltn picked up four more goals on shots by Finnerty, Sands, Tim Brown and Kelly Griggs. Final score: Hamilton 14, Potsdam 5. Leading the Hamilton scoring were Gilson (5 points), O'Brian (4 points), and Sands (4 points).

Laxmen in Action — *Elaine Salaway*

Reflecting on the team's performance, von Schiller commented "The game was decided in the first eight seconds of the third period," referring to Hamilton's first of six goals in that period. He was very pleased with the shots on goal and percentage of cleared shots for the second half. Von Schiller also praised his goalies. Ken Howe had 20 saves while Bob Ballou recorded seven.

This Saturday the Continentals are home against Middlebury, nationaly ranked 12th in Division III. The Panthers will be the toughest team the Continentals face this year.

Blue Nine Finally Wins

by Dave Foster

Like the weather, the Hamilton College baseball team has improved over the last few days. Although the Continentals still find themselves without a win, they have indeed polished up their game a bit.

Last Saturday the Continentals faced a tough Rochester team, who had just come off an 18-8 drubbing of Hobart, and the Blue went down to a tough 8-4 defeat. The game, however, was closer than the score indicated, as Rochester needed four runs in the seventh to break a 4-4 deadlock and beat a scrappy Hamiltn squad. The Continentals managed to take the early lead with a run in the third, as freshman Jeff Greene scored on a bad throw. The lead was extended to 2-0 when Bob Marks blasted a 3 and 1 pitch up the embankment in left field, causing several sun-worshippers to scatter, and driving in Jim Taylor. The team seemed to be coasting along behind the strong pitching of sophomore Jim Rosettie. But in the sixth, Rosettie tired and the defense began to come apart, as the Yellow Jackets scored three times to take a 4-2 lead. Hamilton fought back in the bottom of the sixth, when RBI singles by Ray Santorini and Pat Wedlock tied it at four. In the top of the seventh, Hamilton's nemesis, errors (seven for the game) and walks, allowed Rochester to win 8-4.

Oswego Tops Blue

Monday's game against Oswego State saw the Continentals go out in front 4-0, only to lose 7-4. Starter Bob Marks, facing control problems, was forced to leave the game in the fifth; however, the senior had not yielded a hit. In that inning, with the score 4-0, the Great Lakers tallied five times to take the lead. Relief pitcher Jim Morris, who gave up three hits and hit a batter in the fifth, was charged wth the loss. Strong relief pitching stifled Hamilton's bats after their four runs in the first two innings, and retired the last twelve of the game.

Overall, the Blue Nine is beginning to look a bit better. The fielding has improved—only one error against Oswego St.—and the hits, though few in number, come with men on base. Now, if only the Continentals could hold on to a lead...

□ □ □

Yesterday afternoon, the baseball team recorded their first victory of the season by topping St. Lawrence 10-6 in the first game of a doubleheader. In the the second the Continentals lost 11-5.

Striking Out Sports Mailbag

by Mike Denney

Yes, the mailbox was empty again. Actually, there was a letter there, but I pushed it back so that I could go on making up my own. There's no sense dealing with issues you don't want to talk about when it's just as easy to think them up yourself. So, without further introduction, here are all the letters I've collected in the last, oh, two days, or ever since I knew I had to write this.

Dear Mike,
What is the surest way to guarantee victory in sports?

Elaine

Dear Elaine,
Apart from cheating, which is of course ethically wrong (at least according to my dictionary), the best way is probably the British way; that is, inventing your own sports. Cricket, for example, is a game that is not won by anyone outside the British Commonwealth, let alone played or even understood. Possibilities for similar lunacy exist even here at Hamilton. A few examples:

Pub Hunt—Foreigners are brought to the steps of the library and told that there is a pub somewhere on campus. They are given half an hour to find it. Fat chance.

Milbank Mountaineering—Contestants are given a compass and required to travel from Suite 11 to Suite 39 without going outside. Since there are probably very few people who could carry this off, imagine how well people from Union or Williams would do.

Mike

□

Dear Mike,
What's the biggest difference between men's and women's lacrosse?

Bob

Dear Bob,
Oh, come on.

Mike

□

Dear Mike,
What's the real story behind those intramural fields?

Linda

Dear Linda,
I'm glad you asked that question. People should stop thinking of this $94,000 as an obscene amount of money to spend on sports and view instead as an investment in real estate. Lord knows how much three football fields and two softball fields will cost in the future. And to get them together, too! We haven't seen a deal like this since Schuyler stole, excuse me, bought Manhattan from the Indians.

The fields will have additional benenfits as well. Think of the advantage of looking at well developed empty fields instead of unkept vacant areas. When the College finally decides to sell the fields for high-rise apartments, our coffers will be overflowing. We could build a new rink.

Mike

□

Dear Mike,
I feel sorry for all those second-string athletes who sit on the bench. Don't you?

Ed

Dear Ed,
Some people are born first-string and some people are born second-string. What can I do? Now, whether our coaches have correctly figured out which are which is another question, and one I refuse to discuss.

Mike

□

Dear Mike,
Now that we've milked the basketball season for all that it's worth, what will be Hamilton's next grab for national publicity?

Kay

Dear Kay,
The Spectator has learned that President Carovano and Provost Wertimer have just finished taping an episode of *The American Sportsman* in Canada. Apparently misreading ABC's offer to hunt wild ducks as an invitation to go after wild bucks, the intrepid duo set off on yet another fund-raising effort. Slightly dismayed on arrival at the Moose Lodge near Hudson Bay to find otherwise, they valiantly went through with the expedition, eventually wounding two trout hanging in a fish store and shooting Curt Gowdy's jeep.

Said Wertimer afterward, "I should have known that something was wrong. There's no such thing as a free lunch, let alone wild bucks." The jeep will be stuffed and mounted on the wall of the president's office.

Mike

Duffers Take Third

by Barry Cusick

Hamilton's golf team began its season on a good note Wednesday at Colgate's treacherous Seven Oaks Links. Having had only two organized practices, the Conts bested the University of Buffalo and lost to Hartwick by only 416-422. Colgate easily won the four way match with a 386 team score.

Junior Barry Cusick was Hamilton's medalist, firing 42-40, 82. Freshman Bill Wolf played extremely well in his second match as a Continental, posting an 83. Following Cusick and Wolf were: "Shoeless" Bob Johnson (84), John Davis (85), Hugh Vickery (88), Phil Robinson (88), and Sparky Christakos (91). Colgate's Tim Langan was low scorer for the match with a fantastic one-under par 71.

The next match for the Blue is Monday against Utica on the Crestwood Country Club course. Hamilton will be trying to revenge last year's embarrassing loss to the Pioneers. Coach Don Jones predicted, "If the weather remains good, the players will get more confidence in their swings and their scores wll drop." Captain Johnson voiced a recurring spring sports theme at Hamilton, "We have the talent to win if Mother Nature lets us practice."

SATURDAY SPORTS

Men's Tennis vs. Union 11 a.m.
Women's Lacrosse at Union 11 a.m.
Men's Lacrosse vs. Middlebury 2 p.m.
Men's Track vs. Colgate 1 p.m.
Rugby vs. Lynwood Rugby Club 1 p.m.